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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IT is now clear that the peace terms published in the Paris press were substantially those authorised by the British Government. If they were likely to bring peace between Italy and Abyssinia they might be defended on the ground that for the sake of stopping a war anything is justified—even the deliberate deception of national and world opinion, even the degradation of honour, even the partition of a State which we are pledged to defend and which we are even now supposed to be helping to defend. But these terms do not mean peace. The Ethiopian Emperor has naturally and indignantly refused to consider terms which give outright a large part of his country to his enemy and which also, in effect, pass over to the invader much of his best and richest land for the purposes of "economic development" with the prospect that the rest of his country will be eaten up at a favourable moment. The terms seem to be almost the maximum that Mussolini himself demanded in October. They go far beyond the Paris proposals of August, which were generally felt to be the most that could decently be offered even before an invasion began, and they bear no relation to the proposals of the Committee of Five in September. They offer Mussolini more than he could expect to obtain by years of fighting. If the League Powers had all been allies of Mussolini they could not have hoped to get him better terms. Mussolini will presumably accept them as a "basis of negotiation." The League must reject them, and now that the volume of public opinion against such a betrayal is obvious, the British Government will scarcely have the face to press them at Geneva.

Sealed Lips

Mr. Baldwin talked of "sealed lips" and reasons which, if expressed, would take everyone into the lobby with him. What reasons for completely surrendering to Mussolini can exist now which did not exist when sanctions were first applied? If they are too dangerous now, they were too dangerous then. If Mr. Baldwin were candid, he would tell us that the Foreign Office officials who have been negotiating with M. Laval and the Duce have never seriously considered the League but have dealt entirely in the old imperialistic atmosphere of the 1906 treaty and the proposed partition of 1925, and that this is the only tradition that the Government can understand except for the period of a general election. Some such imperialist bargain, as we have always argued, was the natural result once Mr. Van Zeeland had been put up to suggest that the British and French Governments should receive a sort of "moral mandate" (the phrase comes from the *Times*) from the Co-ordinating Committee of the League to continue the work of conciliation. The result is not peace, but the final discredit and very possibly the

open disruption of the League. We are glad to notice that there is already a motion tabled by Mr. Vyvyan Adams and supported by a number of Conservative and Liberal M.P.s which amounts to a revolt within the Government's own ranks. It demands that Great Britain shall not be a party to any settlement which ignores our obligations under the Covenant and rewards Mussolini with greater concessions than he could have obtained by peaceful negotiation.

The Naval Conference

To call the Naval Conference, which is now in session in London, a solemn farce is perhaps not quite fair. But it is at any rate a forlorn hope, so far as the chances of a real limitation of armaments are concerned. There are all the old divergencies and disputes over submarines, capital ships, the replacement of obsolete units, and so on. The most ominous feature of the conference is Japan's insistence on parity. The United States advocates a 20 per cent. scaling down all round—on the basis of the present strengths of the five great naval Powers—and Great Britain agrees. But the Japanese say "no"; they intend to have a navy as big as the biggest. One result of this may be the strengthening of the bands between the U.S.A. and ourselves; it is probable indeed that the British Government are deliberately playing for that. If so, it is a pity that they should at the same time outrage American feeling by their behaviour in the Abyssinian affair. Nor has the world forgotten the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of last May, and the pretext with which Mr. Baldwin and his friends justified their astounding performance. Will they presently repeat that performance in Tokio—or even improve on it, by encouraging Japan's claims for 100 per cent., in the hope that that will prevent her putting them up to 150 per cent.?

A United Front in Egypt

There has been more rioting in Cairo, with some ugly clashes between mobs, largely composed of students, and the police. But of greater importance than this is the accord reached between the Wafd and the Liberals—indeed among all the Egyptian parties. A real "United Front" has now agreed to petition for the restoration of the 1923 Constitution and the Cabinet has resigned in despair. At the same time, all parties declare their readiness to accept the Draft Treaty that was argued over by Mr. Arthur Henderson and Nahas Pasha in 1930. This Treaty provided a satisfactory settlement of all the outstanding and legitimate claims of Egypt (except in the one matter of the Sudan) and if the Egyptian negotiators had been wise they would have closed with the terms then and there. It is now the turn of the British Government to show wisdom. Sir Samuel Hoare's unfortunate Guildhall speech last month was really actuated, he has since explained, by "the most friendly intentions towards Egypt." Let him then prove his words by deeds. An Anglo-Egyptian settlement at the earliest possible moment is imperative not only in Egypt's interest but in ours.

Premonitions of the Presidential Campaign

President Roosevelt made what was in effect a preliminary "campaign" speech to a huge audience of agriculturists at Chicago this week; and at the same time Major Bury, who is now at the head of the N.R.A., addressed another big audience of employers and Labour representatives drawn from a wide range of industries. It is already clear that in next year's Presidential contest big business means to range itself pretty solidly against Mr. Roosevelt and all his works, and to demand a full return, in the sphere of industry, to *laisser faire* and the American spirit of individual enterprise. The farmers, on the other hand, are fully aware that if the New Deal were withdrawn their incomes would collapse at once, and the President can rely on a pretty solid backing from the agricultural areas. This should leave Labour in a strong position, if only Labour could agree upon a policy. Big business is intensely hostile to the President's "social security" legislation, which cannot be made effective without the passing of laws adopting it by the separate States. Pending this, emergency "work-relief" must continue on a large scale. Big business actually prefers this, because it will be easier to sweep away if recovery continues. Labour wants the social security measures, but doubts their success in running the double gauntlet of the Supreme Court and the State Legislatures. Mr. Roosevelt's first bid is clearly for the farmer's support; but that is not enough. What will his next bid be—to placate the employers or to "go left" and try to get Labour behind him? On that the nature of the campaign depends.

Purges and Persecutions in Germany

Herr Hitler, while taking a holiday, so to speak, from foreign affairs, is pursuing his offensive on the home front. The other day we had reports of another purge of the Nazi Party. This was not a bloody massacre like the affair of June, 1934; it took the form of the arrest and disgrace of a number of officials accused of dishonesty, extravagance, or other offences against the Party principles. Apart from this domestic clean-up, there are the attacks on "racial" and "confessional" enemies. The grinding of the face of the Jews goes on ceaselessly, and the Catholic clergy continue to receive the attentions of the Secret Police. The recalcitrant Protestant Churches are threatened with direr penalties. Herr Kerrl, the Nazi Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, has issued a decree which will practically extinguish the activities of thousands of Opposition pastors who refuse to bow the knee to Baal. The stalwarts refuse to surrender, but there is another section in the Confessional movement which seems disposed to come to terms. On the economic side, meanwhile, discontents are increased by a rise in the unemployment figures to nearly 2,000,000. This is partly due to seasonal causes, but partly also to the shortage of raw materials, including some of those needed for the manufacture of armaments—the principal national industry in Nazi Germany.

The Miner's Wage

The leaders on both sides in the mining industry have made further statements this week about the existing levels of wages in the industry. Though the rival presentations differ greatly, there does not appear to be much dispute about the bare facts. The general average wage for all types of mine-workers is about 9*s.* 3*d.* a shift or, allowing for the number of shifts worked, £2 4*s.* 8*d.* per week. For underground workers only the average wage is about 11*s.* a shift, or 12*s.* for adults working at the coal face. The underground workers thus average about 50*s.* a

week, and actual hewers nearer 60*s*. On the other hand, workers on the surface seem to average only 7*s*. 11*d*. a shift, or 38*s*. 5*d*. a week. Moreover, these are figures for the country as a whole, and in some areas the wages are a good deal lower. Mr. Edwards, of the M.F.G.B., says that in Durham one-third of the adult workers get only about 31*s*. 3*d*. a week. Even Mr. Lee, the owners' spokesman, appears to admit that wages are excessively low, though he denies the industry's power to pay more. Mr. Edwards, on the other hand, points out that whereas the ascertainments for the South Wales coalfield showed last year a *loss* of £188,000, eight South Wales companies, controlling 80 per cent. of the total output, declared a combined *profit* of £1,500,000. Mr. Edwards's case is that the present method of dividing the proceeds gives no fair indication of the owners' ability to pay. He also points out, in support of the miners' plea for a national agreement, that demands for better wages in one area are habitually met with opposition on the ground of the low wages existing in other areas.

What "Unification" Means

It has now been made plain by the Government that "unification" of mining royalties means "nationalisation." The royalty owners, Sir Thomas Inskip told the House of Commons on Monday, are to be bought out, and thereafter the royalties are to be controlled by the State. Why, then, was there so much mystery during the election, and why was the magic word "unification" so persistently employed and left unexplained? Presumably in order that Government orators might be unhampered in addressing the electors about the horrors of "nationalisation," and no inconvenient questions asked about the Government's willingness to nationalise royalties in relation to its refusal to nationalise the mines. With the election safely over, the cat is allowed out of the bag; Opposition speeches pointing the obvious moral can now do no electoral harm. Mr. Herbert Morrison, in the House on Monday, made the best of the occasion by declaring that plain logic dictated the extension of public ownership to the mines as well as the coal, and went on to make a trenchant declaration about Labour policy in the matter of compensation. He made it clear that a readiness to compensate the owners of nationalised properties does not involve an admission of the claim of the recipients to live in perpetuity on unearned incomes from the State.

Silver

The speculators in silver are aghast at the latest turn taken by American monetary policy. Wise men had realised for some time that Mr. Roosevelt could not be relied upon to continue indefinitely buying up the world supply of silver at an artificially high price, and the regular dealers had already reduced their commitments to a considerable extent. But a very large amount of silver is still speculatively held; and the question is who will buy it if the American Government stays out of the market. Hitherto, American silver purchasers have served several purposes at once. They have kept the silver interests quiet; they have helped to prevent the dollar from appreciating in relation to sterling; and they have increased the debt-paying—though not the commodity-exporting—capacity of the silver-using countries. But now China has gone over to paper money, the dollar-sterling exchange looks manageable in other ways, and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is less concerned than he was to placate the silver interests, and more concerned to get back to orthodox monetary methods.

The Shipowners' Dole

The Tramp Shipping Subsidy is to continue. Parliament will be asked to provide, for twelve months from January 1st, 1936, a sum of £2,000,000 "on the same general terms and conditions as before." Yet these conditions are absurdly inadequate. True, the Subsidy Committee has to a small extent succeeded in inducing shipowners to eliminate unnecessary tonnage, and to come to some agreement on freight rates with their foreign competitors. But there has been no attempt to make the subsidy contingent upon an improvement in conditions for seamen—conditions which both the recent proceedings at the I.L.O. and the Wrecks Inquiry have shown to be intolerable. Mr. Runciman has boasted that "our manning scale and method were a model for the whole world." They are nothing of the sort. British wage rates are sixth on the list of those paid by important maritime countries. Our manning scales are neither invariably complied with by shipowners (on the *Blairgowrie* the declared objects of the Board of Trade manning circular were, said Lord Merrivale, "habitually ignored") nor, when they are carried out, do they leave a sufficient margin of safety. Our seamen can be made to work anything from 70 to 120 hours a week, and to squeeze into cramped and filthy quarters so as to allow more space for cargo. They can be sent to sea in rotten, overloaded ships, while the shipowners are given another £2,000,000 unconditionally. The *Daily Telegraph* pleads for the subsidy on the ground that it reduces unemployment. To send men to their deaths at the bottom of the sea is something which even the Nazis have not thought of as a solution of the unemployment problem.

An Ugly Charge

We have received a communication from Pandit Jahawarlal Nehru which suggests, on the face of it, that the British authorities in India are showing an exceptional amount of dishonesty and malice towards their political adversaries. He calls attention to a passage in the Bengal Government Report for 1933–4, in which they refer to a visit he paid to Calcutta, and accuse him not merely of propounding a programme of agitation (which he did), but of advocating that it should be carried out under a false pretext and with funds collected for quite other purposes. This, he declares, is a lie, without a shadow of foundation—damaging to him and to his cause and to those of his countrymen whom he is thus charged with tricking or robbing. He demands that, since this statement has been made by Government (presumably on the unchecked word of some informer) and contradicted by himself, it should, in the interests of public morals, be either justified or publicly withdrawn. We agree with him; the Governor-General of Bengal ought not to hit below the belt, or to be suspected of it. And whatever may be thought of it in England, this charge against one of the most honourable and popular Indian leaders will not seem a trifle to be ignored in India.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE GREAT BETRAYAL

WHEN the Laval-Hoare peace proposals were first reported people waited incredulous for the Government's denial. Conservatives, more aghast than their opponents who had throughout prophesied some such betrayal, muttered that one could not believe the Paris press, and that the Prime Minister would clear himself and his colleagues of the charge of betraying the Covenant and using the League as an election stunt. No denial came. Mr. Baldwin was obviously flummoxed. Sir Samuel Hoare, it is now suggested, was frightened or cajoled by M. Laval into submitting to the Cabinet recommendations beyond its original wishes. M. Laval, by one of his calculated press leakages, gave these terms to the public and so presented the Cabinet with the choice of throwing over Sir Samuel or the League. Sir Samuel, on holiday in Switzerland, had to be defended by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden. The Government was able to announce a modification of procedure—the terms were to go to Abyssinia as well as to Italy! Mr. Baldwin was able to say that the French press contained "inaccuracies of substance." In fairness it must be said that he seemed unwilling himself to defend the proposals and that the only person, even on the Government side of the House, who is reported to have been pleased was Sir John Simon, whose betrayals of the League before his removal from the Foreign Office were more skilfully managed. But however embarrassed the Ministers, the central fact was clear. Even if M. Laval had played a characteristic trick, even if the British Cabinet had not intended to go so far, even if, as Mr. Lees-Smith put it, only half the reports were true, the proposals put up by the League to Mussolini and Abyssinia were in direct contradiction of the pledges on which they had won the support of hundreds of thousands of dubious voters in the election. Whatever their motives and their muddles—and there is much that still needs explanation—the facts precisely fulfil the prophecy that the Government's sudden conversion to a League policy was for the duration of the election only, and that they would attempt to make a dirty deal directly they were safely returned to office.

Week by week we have urged in this journal that the League and Abyssinia would inevitably be betrayed if the French and British persisted in negotiating directly with Mussolini even after he had invaded Abyssinia. Such a policy always made nonsense of the League and destroyed its chances of preserving peace. Right up to August, Mussolini was permitted to carry out his open preparations for war, while the chief League Powers, instead of warning him that war would be stopped by sanctions, merely begged him to take part and not the whole of Abyssinia. The same policy was pursued even after sanctions were applied; the Duce believed that he only had to show a *fait accompli* and that France and Great Britain would recommend that the League should recognise it and call it a League settlement. It was obvious that once war had commenced no cession of territory would be "acceptable" to Abyssinia—even though the Emperor might perhaps be bullied into submission. To-day exactly this has taken place; Mussolini has actually been offered much more territory than he has conquered, and the Abyssinians have already intimated that they will fight to the last man rather than give up their country to the Italian invader.

Can the League in these circumstances accept the Laval-Hoare proposals and press them upon Abyssinia? That would suit Mr. Garvin and the Amery Conservatives and it might produce the grimly ironic situation, envisaged in these columns three months ago, of the Duce continuing a war of aggression in Abyssinia under the aegis and, as it were, on behalf of the League. Abyssinia, Mr. Garvin and M. Laval would tell us, would then be in the wrong because she would have refused League terms, while Mussolini had accepted them. It would then, no doubt, be correct, in their view, to lift the so far almost harmless sanctions employed against the armed aggressor and apply them to recalcitrant and almost unarmed Abyssinia.

The alternative to this fantastic situation is the refusal by the League to accept the Laval-Hoare proposals. This appears to us likely. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden (whose golden reputation is at stake), might even be glad to see them rejected; they are certainly conscious of a public opinion which may destroy even the Government's solid majority, if they urge these preposterous terms on Abyssinia and on the League. The proposals will in any case be strenuously resisted by Russia and the smaller League Powers. What then will happen? Nominally, if the League rejects the proposals, we are back at the *status quo ante*, and the oil embargo, the one sanction which Mussolini fears, should be then imposed at once on Italy. That this step would be resisted to the utmost by M. Laval is obvious. If the French and the British Governments have postponed the oil embargo from week to week while Mussolini refused all terms, can anything make them return to a League policy after he has agreed to negotiate on terms they have suggested? It seems, to say the least of it, unlikely. And yet, if the betrayal of the League is not to be absolute and final, that must be the demand made by every man and woman in this country who objects to treachery and who does not care to see Great Britain's name reduced to mud throughout the world.

Such an agitation to reject the terms and to demand the continued and serious imposition of sanctions has already begun among Conservatives as well as among Liberal and Labour M.P.s. The millions of people who signed the peace ballot will certainly look for leadership to prevent so infamous a betrayal. Already we hear from voters who supported the Government in the election because they believed in the reality of its League policy and who are now writing to their parliamentary representative in bitter disillusion. Is the League of Nations Union, which played its part in the apparent and very temporary reversal of the Government's foreign policy, going to lie down while the League is finally made a laughing stock and byword? And is Mr. Eden, whose prestige is based on the belief that he is the knight of the Covenant *sans reproche*, prepared to remain in a Government which abandons all he has stood for? He is a young man: his resignation would give him an unrivalled position in the eyes of the public. He would not be long in the wilderness.

Anyone who thinks it chimerical to agitate for the rejection of these terms and the imposition of sanctions should ask himself what is the alternative. The first

and most obvious result must be the loss of that British leadership which Sir Samuel Hoare won at Geneva. In the United States the anti-imperialist forces, supported by the Roosevelt administration, have taken important steps towards co-operation with the peaceful and democratic League Powers. The Laval-Hoare agreement is a blow in the face for our friends and a joy to every anti-British element in America. The *New York Herald*, not a leader of anti-British sentiment, has already pointed to the irony of a League which has sworn to preserve the integrity and political independence of Member States offering to reward the aggressor by satisfying his demands with "large gobs" of his victim's country. In America they are busy drawing the analogy, which we have heard in this country too, of Germany being offered possession of Northern France as well as of Belgium after the Battle of the Marne. Mr. Raymond Buell, President of the American Foreign Policy Association, has told his vast wireless public that France and Great Britain have double-crossed the League. And, if that is the inevitable deduction in America, what of Europe?

Throughout the dispute the British have appeared to accept M. Laval's view that Mussolini's co-operation against Hitler is the object and that it can be retained in spite of his anger that sanctions have been applied. This is an utterly mistaken view. Mussolini is at best a dubious ally, and Hitler fears not the opposition of his Fascist neighbour, but the creation of a strong League. Nothing could please him more than a world made safe for aggressors; nothing could so much weaken him as the defeat of Fascism in Italy. There is at stake not only Britain's reputation but the whole conception of collective security. If the result of a "bold lead at Geneva" is to reward the aggressor with the fruits of victory, nothing can again resuscitate the League. Whatever shadow of it may survive, whatever new form it takes under the inspiration of its betrayers, it will never again appear to anyone who hates war and imperialism as anything but a veiled alliance of great States ready, as they have been in the past, to come to terms privately for the exploitation and division of their weaker neighbours. Nor can we avoid the deduction that this conclusion would be agreeable to some members of our own Government. When Mr. Baldwin refers in the House of Commons to learning by experience how far the League could act we are reminded of two things. First that the League will act just as far as our leadership summons it to act. M. Laval, as we have seen throughout the dispute, would always follow when this country insisted. Surely the reason why the oil embargo has not been carried out is not that it was "difficult," but that it would be too effective. Secondly, we are reminded of the schemes hawked round Europe for "reforming" the League, for removing its sanctions clauses and turning it into a dictatorship of a few Great Powers. Is the result of the proud effort to make collective security a reality to be that we abandon to its fate the weak country we have promised to defend and that we return to the old system of spoliation, rival alliances, vast rearmament and periodic war? That is what is at stake when we call upon people of all parties and creeds to demand the rejection of this scandalous basis for negotiation and to insist that Great Britain shall strive seriously for a peace that is in conformity with our sworn allegiance to the Covenant.

THE GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION

THE Government has gone out of its way to bring Public Education before the footlights. It must be assumed, therefore, that its programme is meant to be taken seriously. What is to be thought about it? The last decade has been more prolific of plans of educational reform than any previous period in English history. Practice, however, has not only not kept pace with theory, which was hardly to be expected, but has lagged far behind it. The Consultative Committee of the Board, for example, has produced a series of Reports covering the life of children from infancy to fifteen, which, if carried out in the spirit of their authors, would change almost out of recognition the quality of English education. But the politicians have twice counter-attacked in force, with the Geddes and May Reports. Apart from "economy" campaigns, there has been for the last fifteen years, except for two brief intervals in 1924 and 1929–31, a steady resistance to developments likely to increase the cost of education.

Educational finance is not an easy subject. The recurrent incursion of amateur committees of business men into a field unfamiliar to them has not helped to clarify it; and the facts are widely different from the popular impression of them. The common view, in particular, that the last twenty years have seen a continuously rising tide of educational expenditure, and that such increases as have taken place have been mainly the result of an increase in the scale, and an improvement in the quality, of educational provision, is almost wholly mistaken. Progress has, of course, taken place; but it has played a relatively small part in augmenting the cost of education. In reality, of the total increase in expenditure between 1913 and 1931, more than four-fifths had been incurred by 1922, mainly as the result of a tardy act of justice, the readjustment of teachers' salaries, in which all political parties concurred. Expenditure fell after 1922, and did not again reach the level of that year till 1929. It then rose, but the total increase from 1922 to 1931 was actually less in amount than that which had taken place between 1901 and 1911. The picture periodically drawn by a section of the press—the picture of lavish authorities year by year assuming new and costly commitments—is, in fact, a bold fiction.

Given that background of policy, it is not surprising that there should be a wide divergence between the realities of the educational system and what educationists are now agreed is both desirable and practicable. The arrears to be overtaken, before English public education can be regarded as reasonably satisfactory, are indeed so extensive that almost any proposals, provided they are not absurd, can hardly fail to reach some mark worth hitting. The undertaking given by the Government to abolish restrictions on the proportion of children who may be admitted to secondary schools free or at reduced fees, to increase the number and amount of State scholarships to universities, and to encourage the development of technical and adult education, is obviously to be welcomed. In education, however, as in most other departments of public policy, there are certain key positions, which are important not merely by reason of their intrinsic significance, but because, once mastered, they make possible further large advances. Those positions vary from time to time, as the educational system develops. To-day, if only the machinery and organisation of education, as distinct from its content, be considered, they are, perhaps, three. The first is the promotion of the physical welfare of children. The second is the solution of the group of problems concerned with adolescent education, the first condition of which—though only the first—is the raising of the age of school attendance to fifteen. The third is the proper staffing of the primary schools.

The importance of the third point is a commonplace. The whole tendency of thought during the last generation has been to emphasise the necessity of providing opportunities for initiative and independent work on the part of the children,

with the teacher acting as consultant, adviser and guide rather than as instructor. As long, however, as about one-third of the classes in elementary schools contain over forty children, and a considerable proportion more than forty-five, education, as distinct from mass-instruction, remains, if not impossible, extraordinarily difficult. The keen young teacher, fresh from college, is faced by conditions which appear a satire on much of what he has been taught, and which make the employment of the refinements of his art almost out of the question. The cursory reference to the subject in the official memorandum, which states merely that " the Government will press on with their policy . . . of reducing the number of large classes," may mean anything or nothing. As the Consultative Committee pointed out in 1931, there is no educational justification for tolerating in primary schools classes larger than would be permitted in the case of children over eleven. What is needed is to bring down the maximum allowed, first to forty, and then to thirty-five, by successive stages. The Government should be pressed to give an explicit pledge that that course, and not the reduction of staffs as the number of children falls, will be its policy.

If the Government's pronouncement on staffing is unexpectedly feeble, its attitude on the subject of the school-age is a disaster. More than eight years have elapsed since the Consultative Committee proposed in the Hadow Report the raising of the school age to fifteen, as an essential part of its policy of securing all children approximately four years' secondary education from the age of between eleven and twelve. Experience since that time has shown that " reorganisation " and the lengthening of the school life hang together, and that, unless the latter reform is carried out, the former loses much of its virtue. The introduction of the break at eleven has been, by general consent, a long step forward ; but at present it cannot yield its full advantages, since children who leave school at fourteen do not remain long enough in their new surroundings to derive all the benefit which transference to a senior school between eleven and twelve has to offer. Nor is that all. The years between thirteen and fifteen are, it is generally agreed, a critical phase in their development. Both for physical and intellectual reasons, and not less because they are sufficiently mature to receive some training in social responsibilities, it is peculiarly important that children of fourteen should continue for at least another year to enjoy the formative influences which a good school can exercise. For these reasons, as well as on account of the injury inflicted on many children when they enter industry, all the bodies representing the local education authorities, not to mention the professional associations of teachers and a multitude of other organisations, from the Trades Union Congress to the Educational Settlements Association, have pressed repeatedly for legislation. The L.E.A.s have to find the teachers and the buildings. They are confident that, if only the Government will fix a date, they can do the job.

How does the Government propose to meet this demand ? It states in its memorandum that it has " decided to legislate to raise the school-leaving age to 15." But it accompanies that undertaking by conditions as to exemptions for " beneficial employment " and, in certain cases, " home duties," which must make a measure to raise the school age inoperative in practice. If it were merely a question of granting exemptions in the case of a small minority of children, one might, while regretting the necessity for such a policy, nevertheless acquiesce in it. Unfortunately, however, as the Government proposals stand, that will not be the position. " In all towns and cities, except the worst of those in the afflicted areas," recently stated the writer who contributes the " Local Authorities Notes " to the *Times Educational Supplement*, " the exemptions in the first month will be overwhelming, and in three months will be from 85 to 100 per cent." Other experienced administrators have endorsed that opinion. The truth is that, as was seen on the occasion of the abortive attempt made in London to enforce attendance at continuation schools, it is not practicable to impose different obligations on children, parents and employers, who, though under different authorities, live in close proximity to each other. In such conditions, even if one authority takes the bold course of retaining nearly all children at school, it is almost inevitably forced to abandon it by the refusal of its less scrupulous neighbours to follow the same line. The phrase " beneficial employment " is, in fact, pious humbug. It will mean, as it has usually meant in the past, simply " employment." Nor is that all. Since the number of children with whom teachers are dealing will be constantly changing as pupils drift off, a rational plan of education will be almost an impossibility, while children whose attendance is merely provisional can hardly be expected to take their school work seriously. This part of the Government's policy is, in short, quite unreal. The principal motive behind it is the desire to avoid the payment of the maintenance allowances which will be necessary if all children are to be retained at school. The Government's attitude is the more discreditable, because, as far as this aspect of the matter is concerned, no novel departure is required. Local education authorities already have power to pay maintenance allowances to children of fourteen attending the elementary schools. All that is necessary is that the Board should comply with the intention of Parliament by paying grants upon them, instead of quite arbitrarily, as in a recent case, refusing to do so. Unless, in short, the promise of the Government to raise the school age is to be meaningless, it is essential that the whole policy of exemptions should, as the local education authorities have urged, be abandoned.

On the first of the three points mentioned above—that of health—the official memorandum is somewhat more satisfactory. In the meantime, however, one important aspect of that subject, and an aspect to which the Government hardly referred, has been brought before the public in *The Ten Years Plan for Children*, which appeared this week. Its authors, while emphasising the importance of better staffing and of raising the school age, are concerned primarily with the necessity for a drastic reconstruction of the physical environment in which education is carried on. Just under a year ago, Dr. Spencer, an ex-chief inspector of the London County Council, told us that, apart from schools actually black-listed, " there are probably thousands which fall below any decent standard of amenity or even convenience," and that " four-fifths of our schools need to be reconditioned within five, or, at most, ten years." His statement was not an exaggeration. Many of our elementary school buildings are nearly half a century old, and some older. Craft rooms are a rarity and gymnasia almost non-existent. Many are ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill-warmed. Sanitary arrangements are frequently old-fashioned and sometimes barbarous. Even such an obvious necessity as hot water is not always available.

The continued survival of these conditions is a monument both to our national contempt for education, and, still more, to the apparently ineradicable disposition of our rulers to regard the common herd of children as not really human in quite the same sense as their own. The authors of *The Ten Years Plan for Children* have, therefore, abundant justification for launching their crusade. Their main proposals are three : first, the conversion of Infant School Departments into Open-air Nursery Schools ; second, their enlargement to accommodate children between the ages of two and five ; third, the reconstruction of a large proportion—it is suggested four-fifths—of the schools for older children. Local obstacles, for example the difficulty in large towns of finding suitable sites, are likely to impede the execution of the full programme. But the additional annual charges on account of the capital expenditure involved are not very formidable—the estimate advanced is under £5,000,000—and there can be no reasonable doubt that a bold policy of modernising school buildings is long overdue. " Slum schools " are only less injurious than slum houses. If the Government pleases, it can get rid of most of these abominations for an additional annual expenditure amounting to something like half the cost of one battleship. But will it please ?

COUP DE THÉÂTRE

FRANCE'S "national reconciliation" of last Friday has not lasted long—at least not on the face of it. The extraordinary scene in the Chamber in which Ybarnegaray, for the Croix de Feu, Blum for the Socialists, and Thorèz for the Communists agreed to dissolve their respective organisations "in so far as they are semi-military in character" created, of course, an enormous impression at the time. It seemed as if the threat of civil war, under which France had lived for the past two years, had suddenly been averted; and the evening papers came out with headlines about "un vent d'union sacrée soufflant sur la Chambre." There were many happy faces in Paris that day. But it was all too good to be true. The Right-wing Leagues started a violent quarrel among themselves, and the next morning the papers of the Right and the Left were again at each other's throats. The only person who derived an immediate benefit from the "reconciliation" was Laval; he obtained that day a majority of 132. Without the "scene" he might not have got 32. Needless to say, the scene had not come to *him* as a complete surprise.

* * *

It was certainly not without Laval's knowledge or encouragement that Ybarnegaray proposed his Bill imposing heavy penalties on those guilty of carrying firearms and other dangerous weapons in the street and at public meetings. The Bill was loudly applauded by the entire Chamber. It was a remarkable gesture for a Croix de Feu man to make. But after that an unexpected thing happened. Blum suddenly rose and declared that he thought the question of firearms of only secondary importance—much less important than the question of the powerful semi-military Leagues whose very existence was a danger to the Republic. The Socialists, he said, were prepared to dissolve their "defence organisations"—a statement with which Thorèz immediately identified himself on behalf of the Communists. "But if we do that," Blum said to Ybarnegaray, "are you prepared to do the same?" What else could Ybarnegaray do in the circumstances except say "Yes"? Did he foresee Blum's question? There is much doubt on the subject. There were some who said at the time that Blum had fallen into Ybarnégaray's trap, others that it was the other way round. And, pressed hard by his Fascist followers, La Rocque partly disavowed his spokesman by saying that his reply to Blum was in the nature of an "improvisation."

* * *

Such was the substance of the "reconciliation scene." But what was behind it? Why should Ybarnegaray—regardless of the question whether or not he committed himself to more than he had been authorised by his superiors—why should he have made any conciliatory gesture at all? The truth is that the Croix de Feu have, for a long time, been greatly divided among themselves. La Rocque continued to utter vague threats against the Republic; but to what extent did he do so simply to keep his Fascist extremists quiet?

There has certainly been a growing feeling among the Croix de Feu leaders that, in spite of the rapid growth of their movement, they could not risk a *Putsch*—for a *Putsch* would inevitably plunge France into civil war. (That is why, in my previous articles, I never attached any importance to rumours of a "March on Paris.") Further, one has to consider that the Croix de Feu, as Ybarnegaray pointed out, now number 712,000 members. Potentially, they are, therefore, the backbone of a powerful political party. It is still difficult to say to what extent this party (if there is to be a party) will become a constitutional party and the rallying point for all the other conservative elements of the country, or whether it will remain "something different," a Fascist or semi-Fascist party intent on taking power by legal—or rather, more or less legal—means. That will largely depend on how much ground La Rocque will have to surrender to his Fascist extremists—at least to those who will not have resigned from the Croix de Feu in disgust, in the hope of finding something more "dynamic" in the Solidarité or elsewhere. A leading Croix de Feu man told me that the French being fundamentally hostile to blatant Fascism, La Rocque's "gesture" would do the Croix de Feu more good than harm; 50,000 extremists might resign, but 200,000 new members would join. That may be so; though at the moment La Rocque is rather embarrassed, and a dog-fight of the worst kind has broken out between the Croix de Feu leaders and the leaders of the more extreme Leagues, who have been denouncing La Rocque's "treachery" and are hoping to win over their dangerous competitor's clientèle.

The *Action Française* in the meantime revealed the interesting news that Henri de Kerillis, the head of the National Republican propaganda organisation (a body not officially connected with the Leagues), was proposing to run 500 Croix de Feu candidates in the next election. The *Action Française* naturally foretold that such movements could not be run on "constitutional lines," and that the Croix de Feu would be beaten hollow by the Left.

* * *

At the moment the Senate is examining the Bill on the dissolution of the Leagues. The text before it is not the mild Government text, but the text amended by the Chamber. It gives the Minister of the Interior the right, after consultation with the Conseil d'Etat, to dissolve any semi-military League, which means that he can do so administratively. This text also provides that the Leagues are to be dissolved before December 31st, 1935. The Government's text was much milder. The dissolution of any League was to be decided upon by a *court*; and as the Left have no faith in the republicanism of French magistrates, they insisted upon the more drastic procedure. Nor did the Government Bill fix any date.

It looks at the moment as if the Civil Legislation Committee of the Senate was going to support the drastic Chamber text, and to reject M. Laval's version. What will Laval do? Will he let Parliament destroy the Leagues—at least in so far as they can be destroyed—or will he stand up for them at the risk of having his Government overthrown?

If the Chamber's text is voted, we shall see how the Leagues (at least those which are semi-military in character) are to be dissolved in practice. It will be interesting to see how and to what extent it will be done. But for the present one thing seems clear, and that is that the Chamber and Senate have lost much of their past inferiority complex and are ready to put up a genuine fight against the Fascist forces. Without this determination on the part of Parliament to fight Fascism tooth and nail, La Rocque would perhaps never have made his conciliatory "gesture." The next phase of the battle will be extraordinarily interesting to watch. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

WRITING from Geneva just before Sir Samuel Hoare's speech early in September, I spoke of the danger that France and Great Britain would agree to terms with Mussolini, force other League members into acceptance and confront Abyssinia with these proposals as a League recommendation. The Emperor would almost certainly refuse and "we might even see the spectacle of Italy carrying out a punitive expedition into Abyssinia with the apparent approval of the League!" This fantastic situation has since seemed less likely because of Mussolini's intransigence, because British prestige has become involved in making the League a success and because the promises of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare appeared too explicit to be cynically and immediately broken. But to-day my remark looks prophetic. People who are interested in prophesy should also look at *Inquest on Peace*, by Vigilantes, especially pages 217 and 281. M. Herriot is reported as asking M. Laval whether, if these terms are accepted by Mussolini and refused by Abyssinia, Abyssinia would be an aggressor? At the beginning of this dispute a friend told me

that the final result would be that Mussolini would have Abyssinia and the Emperor would retain the film rights.

* * *

On the rare occasions when years of agitation in a good cause do produce results, one ought to chalk it up and rejoice. And when, finally, the channel of good is the Home Office and the Home Secretary is Sir John Simon, all the more reason for giving credit where credit is due. Rejoice, then, that at last there should be a substantial reduction in the number of unfortunate people imprisoned for debt. The report of the committee which inquired into this subject in 1934 was one of the few Blue books which showed some understanding of what human beings are like, and the Money Payments Act of 1935 provides machinery for carrying out many of the committee's suggestions. The Home Office has now issued an admirable circular which emphasises the scandal that about 20,000 persons—a third of the total number annually imprisoned for all offences—are sent to prison each year, not because they are malefactors, but because they are too poor to pay immediately their fines, maintenance grants or rates. It urges magistrates to make use of their discretionary powers under the new Act and reduce these scandalous figures as much as possible. Prison is no longer to be automatic; it is a last resort when the magistrates, after inquiring into the means of the defaulter, are satisfied that the defaulter is contumacious. The trouble will now be to persuade the Justices to make use of the new law. Since the Clerks to the Justices have no allowance for postage (surely idiotic!), they seldom send circulars round to their magistrates, so that the memorandum will not get the publicity it deserves unless we all of us make a noise about it and protest whenever a Bench appears to be either ignorant of its new powers or unwilling to use them.

* * *

A Labour candidate sends me an interesting note à propos of my remark that many Socialist candidates in "backward areas" ("backward" from the Labour point of view) did better than "social reform" candidates in "good" areas. He says: "The nastiest feature of this Election has so far not been much observed. It is that we did badly in our good areas and well in our bad areas. This is quite irrespective of candidates." He then goes on to say that if you take a list of constituencies arranged in order of Labour's chances of success on the basis of the 1929 and 1931 elections, you will find the Labour vote is lower than in 1929 in the areas at the top of the list and higher in those at the bottom of the list. The increase in the Labour vote in the fifty most backward areas is actually of the order of 55 per cent. Why? The reason is really very simple. It is the result of the heavy reduction in the number of Liberal candidates throughout the country. In most of the urban areas the Liberal vote no longer counts for much. The Radical element has been captured long ago by the Labour Party and what was left of it was predominantly Conservative. So when the Liberal drops out in these areas Labour gains practically nothing. But in the backward areas Liberalism has often maintained itself and when, as occurred in many cases in this Election, the Liberal dropped out, the whole Radical section of the Liberal vote suddenly went to Labour. Thus if you take the extreme result of the Honiton division in Devon, the Liberal vote in 1929 was 16,353. No Liberal stood this time, with the result that the Conservative vote went up from 17,911 to 22,805, while the Labour vote increased spectacularly from 915 to 8,916.

* * *

The Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R. last week-end was both enthusiastic and businesslike—a rare combination. There were about nine hundred delegates representing not only Labour Parties, Trade Unions, Co-operative Societies and Communists, but also peace societies and various religious bodies. The main resolution, moved by Lord Allen, called for the closest co-operation in international affairs between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. But the business of the Congress was not confined to formal resolutions. From Friday night to Sunday night we listened to half-hour addresses by many well informed speakers on different aspects of Russian affairs. If they had a fault it was that they were too full of meat for easy digestion. But how good a fault! I am sure that a similar conference in Russia, where brevity of speech is an unknown art, would have taken three weeks on the job. Planning of production and consumption, agriculture, Trade Unions and Co-operation, and then a whole series of social and cultural topics—education, health, law, science, art, literature, drama and sport—were all dealt with, and though the speakers came to praise, they were not afraid to criticise or express doubts. An interesting and unusual speech came from Professor Otto Schmidt, the leader of the Chelyuskin polar expedition. The dominant note throughout was eagerness for peace and the belief that Anglo-Russian friendship was the key to it. Mr. Saklatvala, who supported the resolution in five minutes of the most torrential oratory I have ever listened to, suggested, or rather asserted, that if Great Britain would learn from the U.S.S.R. how to treat Indian and other subject races of the Empire there would hardly be any need of the British Navy!

* * *

You could not find a stronger argument in favour of town-planning than Bexhill, which is not so much a town as a chaotic litter of hideous houses sprawling higgledy piggledy along a lovely coast. Lord De La Warr, whose ancestors were responsible for this muddle, has now made an act of reparation. As Mayor of Bexhill, he has persuaded the council to build a Pavilion to the designs of Messrs. Mendelsohn and Chermayeff, and the result is the most satisfactory example of modern architecture which I have seen in this country. Besides a theatre, the building contains a number of rooms looking through glass walls to the sea. One has the impression of being on a great transatlantic liner, except that liners are usually defaced by Louis Quinze or Tudor decorations, and here everything is exquisitely simple (the only decoration is an excellent decorative panel by Mr. Wadsworth). The functionalists can complain that thes taircase on the North side is mere ornament and its great glass bay looks only on buildings better not looked at—but it is a good ornament. The traditionalist, on the other hand, will complain that this is not so much a pleasure-pavilion as a pleasure-machine, ominously appropriate to the standardised amusements of Mr. Huxley's Brave New World. The answer is, of course, not that this machine-age style is better than other styles, but that it is the only style in which good buildings are to-day being built. The younger English architects who could have made as good a job as Messrs. Mendelsohn and Chermayeff will not, I think, grudge these distinguished artists their opportunity. This building is one more nail in the coffin of the knighted architects who make fortunes by disfiguring London. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Nina Margaret Clarke.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

PETER

Born Easter Sunday, 1923. Died December 2nd, 1935. Lying at rest in a garden in England. A West Highland white terrier, who combined the qualities of constancy, nobility, straightforwardness, dignity, and courage to the full. Adoring and adored by his Mistress, he devoted himself after her death, and in spite of his own grief, to loving and comforting the remaining four members of her family. Gallant and unselfish, and in later years in bad health, he carried the responsibility of his loved ones on his small shoulders sturdily to the end. Beautiful in form and beautiful in spirit, we thank God for the great gift He gave us, both for the example of his virtues and for the comfort and pleasure of his dear presence. We pray that when we, too, enter the Great Beyond, his loving welcome will greet us as it always has in life. God bless PETER.—Advt., *Morning Post*

Because he had " never heard of Almighty God," an eighteen-year-old witness was not allowed to give evidence at Ipswich County Court yesterday.

" Have you ever heard of Almighty God ? " Judge Hildesley asked him when he was unable to pronounce the words of the oath. The youth replied, " No."

The Judge : Have you been to school ?—Yes.

Who taught you about religion ?—A bloke.

Didn't he teach you who God was ?—No.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

The Girl who may become a Man.—In a few days she is to undergo an operation which may result in the change of her sex.

She knows that the transformation would mean the sacrifice of " her beloved girlhood."

Tall, blue-eyed, and blonde, Miss Koubkova confessed that she felt her girlish bashfulness more than ever.

" I feel as if suddenly the world has caught me in the nude," she said.

" I cannot foresee what change may come with the operation, but if it turns me into a male I shall still keep my girlish soul.—*Sunday Express.*

Additional thrill is given to the chase as the Staintondale Hounds hunt the East Yorkshire cliffs at Ravenscar. At times hounds have rolled over the cliffs and been killed.—*Daily Sketch.*

" To make application for the extension of a drinking licence for a Christian Association is so paradoxical that it is absolutely refused. You may convey my expression of opinion to the Y.M.C.A.," said the Mayor (Mr. W. Smith) at Lowestoft Petty Sessions on Monday, when the Crown Hotel applied for an extension of dancing and drinking hours for a Y.M.C.A. dance. There were seven applications in all, and the Mayor remarked, " Let me look through this terrible list first."—*Lowestoft Mercury.*

" East Fulham has made history," she said, " because it is the only place to return to Parliament the son of a woman M.P. And, as we used to say during the election, ' both mother and son are doing well.' "—Lady Astor reported in the *Times.*

Listeners are protesting against the fact that the period between 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. on Sunday is silent. This has compelled them to find their entertainment from foreign stations and forced " the Continental Sunday " on this country.

In reply to such protests the B.B.C. are filling the silent gap to-morrow with a religious service in Welsh.—*Evening Standard.*

Bombs certainly have been dropped, but in so thinly populated a country it is still legitimate to hope that their purpose was intended to be punitive rather than terrorising.—*Discovery.*

THE COVENANTERS

" The Dessie bombardment . . . represents the most difficult war operation since the creation of aviation."—Official Communique. *Rome,* Dec. 9th.

" The reported ' peace terms ' . . . could hardly be won by Italy in ten years' war."—*Manchester Guardian,* Dec. 10th.

Viva ! Rome's bombing 'planes
Have poured from eagle pinions
Incendiary rains
To frizzle Abyssinians !
This honourable feat
Let not the envious mock ;
What if the whole heroic fleet
Had bumped against a rock ?

So Caesar's avatar
Lets loose aërial legions
To make an abattoir
Of unprotected regions ;
Content, when raids must cease,
His friends Laval and Hoare
Will make a far, far better peace
Than he can make a war.

SAGITTARIUS

BUTTER, ETC.

It is said that, of the many German football fans who recently came to London, all but a few spent their spare time in eating butter and their spare cash in buying butter to take home. To the ordinary German visitor the most fascinating spectacle in London was not Buckingham Palace or St. Paul's Cathedral, but a restaurant with unlimited supplies of butter. This was not because Germans naturally love butter more ardently than the men of other races, but because they have recently been deprived of butter by their rulers and because human beings love most passionately the things of which they have been deprived. It is quite evident that the majority of Germans do not agree with the contemptuous expressions used about butter last week by General Goering. " Metal made an empire strong," said the anti-dairy general ; " butter only made people fat. Either they bought butter and went without freedom, or they achieved freedom and went without butter. They had decided for the iron, and that was the cause of the butter shortage."

In talking like this, General Goering is obviously flying in the face of the mass of the civilised opinion of Europe. Civilisation, as you will see from a study of the hoardings and advertisement columns, is at present almost unanimous in maintaining that salvation comes of eating more and drinking more of everything. We are told that we must eat more bread, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, dairy produce, seaweed, and sweetmeats, and that we must drink more milk, tea, barley-water, lemon juice, stout, beer, whisky, gin, and Empire wine. An occasional medical eccentric—a lover of contradiction for contradiction's sake—decries all this, and warns us to abstain from most of the things in which the authorities are encouraging us to over-indulge, and to be sparing in our consumption of the rest. I know one man who, if he had as much money as the advertisers, would most certainly be covering the hoardings with great posters saying, " Drink less milk." I know of others who would be as eager to run an advertising campaign against our present consumption of meat, vegetables, tea, tap-water, and whisky. But I have never met a man—not even a crank—who believed that we could be saved by eating less butter. Even the adversaries of milk are of the opinion that in the process of butter-making all the most harmful constituents of the milk disappear. Yet here comes General Goering with his perverse slogan, " Eat less butter," implying that only through abstinence from butter, or all but abstinence, can his fellow-countrymen become free.

There seems to me to be a good deal of false reasoning in General Goering's argument. " Butter," he declares, for example, " only makes people fat "—which is not true. Most of us have been born and lived in the company of butter-eaters, and I for one have never noticed that the fatness of the individual varied with the amount of butter he ate. The greatest butter-eater I ever knew was as lean as a rake. The fattest woman I ever knew used to spread butter on her breakfast toast with the knife of a miser. I myself have been a butter-eater all my life, but, in spite of this, I have remained little more than a wraith. The truth is, the medical profession has never been able to discover—to the satisfaction of anybody but itself—what it is that makes people fat or thin. I knew one great whisky-drinker who used to attribute fatness and all the other ills from which his fellows suffered to the excessive consumption of soda-water. " It's the soda does it," was his invariable comment when he heard that yet another friend of his was in the hands of the doctor. Yet I have seen lean men of advanced years mingling soda-water with their whisky with no apparent ill consequences. If you pointed this out to my friend, however, he would gravely answer : " It'll get them yet." There is no means of shaking faith so dogmatic as this. People with food-fads and drink-fads are as far beyond the reach of argument as Fundamentalists. They are mystics who can see the Devil in a boiled potato or a glass

of Burgundy. General Goering obviously belongs to this class. He has come to the conclusion that butter ruins men's bodies and souls, and that butter-eating is the prime cause of the decay of nations; and no facts that you bring to his notice in disproof of this could move him from his opinion. Ask him why Babylon fell, and he would, I am sure, reply: "Butter." Ask him why Athens perished, and again he would almost certainly reply: "Butter." Examine him as to the causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and again, being a man of strong convictions, he would pronounce the one word: "Butter."

His theme, indeed, in his speech to his fellow-Germans, was that butter and freedom cannot co-exist. "Either they bought butter," he told them, "and went without freedom, or they achieved freedom and did without butter." I do not think there is a single page in any historian, from Thucydides to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, that justifies this opposition between butter and freedom. Can General Goering give an example of even one butter-eating nation's having been vanquished by a nation that went butterless? Such a thing may have happened in the East, though I doubt it, but in Europe, I fancy, most of the conquerors have been confirmed butter-eaters. In the seven centuries that the English conquest of Ireland lasted, there was, unless I am mistaken, considerably more butter eaten per head by the people of England than by the people of Ireland. During the prolonged Home Rule controversy the Irish made butter, but the English ate it. Then came the Great War which brought about a butter shortage in England, but left Ireland uncrippled and with as much butter as any one chose to eat. For the first time in history Ireland became one of the leading butter-eating nations of Europe. This was a prelude to the establishment of the Irish Free State. Thus butter, instead of being the enemy of freedom, was the ally and furtherer of freedom. Facts of this kind ought to weigh even with a convinced butter-hater like General Goering.

And, even if the facts were otherwise there are many people, I imagine, who would doubt whether freedom that kept on involving one butter-shortage after another was worth having. Freedom is one of the most desirable things in the world, but I have always thought that, with all its other fine qualities, it ought to be something that one can eat at breakfast. Philosophers tell us that freedom is a condition of the soul; but, among us ordinary human beings, the desire for freedom is usually linked with the desire to see our children (and ourselves) raised above the necessity of living in hovels and without enough to eat. A chicken in every citizen's gas-oven is a more warming ideal than any abstract formula. General Goering recommends instead of this a diet of gun-metal. According to him and his leader, however, a diet of gun-metal did not lead to freedom in the past, and it is difficult to see why it should lead to it in the future. The lunacy of the Versailles Treaty imposed a certain amount of servitude on Germany, but this was not on a Germany that had over-indulged in butter, but on a Germany that had over-indulged in gun-metal. The moral of this seems to be that, if you wish to be free, you should avoid gun-metal and stick to butter. It has often been said that no nation ever became or remained free unless it was willing to defend its freedom with arms. It would be equally true, or nearly so, to say that no great nation ever lost its freedom except after having proved to excess its willingness to defend its freedom with arms. Gun-metal certainly proved the ruin of Napoleonic France as of the Kaiser's Germany. Butter may make you fat, but gun-metal may leave you a skeleton.

And, *à propos* of freedom, it seems a very odd sort of freedom that prevents you not only from eating butter, but from marrying whom you please, shopping where you please, reading what you please, saying what you please, and going where you please. According to these modern European notions of freedom, I should be perfectly free if I were forbidden by the Government to travel out of England, forbidden to have certain friends, forbidden to visit certain restaurants, forbidden to read anti-Government newspapers, forbidden to criticise Mr. Baldwin even at the dinner-table, forbidden to live abroad if I wished to do so, forbidden to have my children brought up in the way which I believed might make all the difference to their happiness throughout eternity. I confess that, much as I love freedom, I do not think that freedom of this sort is worth going without butter to attain. In my opinion, indeed, butter is one of the prerequisites of real freedom. It soothes the nerves and so enables us without bitterness to endure the spectacle of other people being free. What the world needs to-day is more and more and more butter. As truth lives at the bottom of a well, so it may ultimately be found that liberty lurks at the bottom of a well-stocked butter-dish. Y. Y.

THE ORGANISER

DEVELOPMENT from the egg to the adult animal is accepted as a commonplace, while even to-day, three-quarters of a century after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, evolution has barely attained universal credence. Yet the two processes are essentially similar, differing primarily in that the fertilised egg demands months, weeks, days, or a few hours only, for its conversion into the most complex of organisms, whereas the untold millions of years of geological time have been available for the operation of the forces of evolution.

The kaleidoscopic processes of development, stage succeeding stage with bewildering speed and unerring sequence as the predestined architecture is elaborated, would indeed be wellnigh incredible were we not able to follow and study them under the microscope. Those who have found it difficult to accept the fact of evolution cannot afford to scoff at the old supporters of the doctrine of preformation according to which development was no more than an increase in size. It was maintained that in the egg—or in the spermatozoon, for the Preformationists were divided into the two schools of the Ovists and the Animalculists—the entire structure of the adult was present in miniature. The opposing doctrine of epigenesis, which postulated an increase in complexity as well as in size, was to them as absurdly incredible as was evolution to a mid-Victorian clergyman.

Preformation was destroyed by the logical deductions of its adherents even before it was finally disproved by the researches of its opponents. The presence in miniature of the individuals of the second generation within the sex cells of the parent implied the further presence within these of the members of the third generation and so on *ad infinitum*. It was actually estimated, at any rate by the Ovists, that about two hundred millions of preformed human beings must have been contained within the ovaries of Eve.

The modern science of embryology was finally established on the rock of fact by the Esthonian, Karl Ernst von Baer, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. With the clarity of genius he described the steps whereby the unicellular, fertilised egg was converted into the adult organism composed of millions of cells specialised to form diverse tissues and organs. Later the bearings of embryology on evolution led to further great increases in knowledge of the course of development in members of every group of the animal kingdom. The beginning of the present century saw the completion in all essentials of the purely descriptive aspect of embryology.

Mankind could not be induced to accept the fact of evolution until presented with a reasonable theory as to the causal mechanism. Because the fact of development was patent to all, description of the process could precede any such attempt at analysis. Even then this lagged. The chromosome theory of inheritance, with its corollary that evolution is the result of mutations in the genes, had already been highly elaborated before any indication of the nature of the controlling forces in development rewarded the labours of the experimental embryologists.

The position has entirely altered during the past decade as a result primarily of the perspicacity and remarkable manipulative skill of a German, Hans Spemann. He solved the first problem which faces all who work on living matter by finding ideal experimental material in the developing egg of the newt. It had been usual in the past for embryologists to divide eggs into two categories. There were "mosaic" eggs which divided into cells the fate of which was predestined from the outset. Any mutilation resulted in a corresponding defect in the embryo. Opposed to these were "regulative" eggs, so-called because some "regulative" power within them ensured the formation of complete embryos, smaller or larger than normal, after the separation of the early cells into which they divided or the fusion of two eggs.

Spemann elaborated a very delicate technique which enabled him to constrict or divide the developing egg of newts and also to transplant portions of one embryo into the body of another. His experiments revealed that up to a certain stage the cells of the embryo were plastic, no matter where they were transplanted they developed into the structures which would in any case have arisen in that region. But after a certain critical stage, when the first-formed sphere of cells begins to tuck in to form the primitive gut, the cells pass from the plastic to the mosaic condition. Although they showed no structural change of any kind their ultimate fate was now determined, and no matter where any group of cells was transplanted it would develop only into one definite structure. The cells had been chemically, though not structurally, differentiated; their ultimate fate was controlled by some agency within them and no longer by their position in the embryo.

Spemann next traced this controlling agency to its source and found it in a particular portion of the intucking region, the area known to embryologists as the dorsal lip of the blastopore. It had long been known that from this region of the vertebrate embryo there arises the nerve cord, the first-formed of all the organs. But Spemann discovered that this was so because of the presence of a definite agency, which he has named the organiser, in the region immediately behind it. The organiser was traced back by Spemann into a definite region in the egg itself, the exact position being determined by the region where the sperm enters at the moment of fertilisation. He proved this by dividing fertilised eggs in a variety of ways. If both halves contained a portion of the area containing the organiser then both eventually gave rise to small embryos, but if one half alone contained this agent that half alone was capable of forming an embryo. What remains obscure is the reason why the influence of the organiser is delayed in the embryo of the newt, and of other vertebrates such as the chick, a delay which represents apparently the only difference between the mosaic and regulative eggs of the earlier workers.

The presence of the organiser had been proved beyond all doubt by Spemann, but its true nature remained to be discovered. Various theories were at once advanced, but experiment has revealed that it is a definite chemical compound. Within the last year or two Dr. J. Needham and Mr. C. H. Waddington, of Cambridge, with the assistance of various collaborators have shown that the organiser can be extracted from one embryo and that this will induce the formation of a primitive nerve cord in other embryos into which it is injected. It is apparently a very stable substance, resistant to heat, freezing and to the action of a variety of chemicals. Judging from its solubility in various organic substances the organiser would appear to be a sterol, a member of a group of compounds somewhat intermediate in character between sugars and fats.

A surprising fact now emerged, namely, that the organising substance is present in all parts of the embryo and actually in all adult tissues of every animal that has been tested. It is apparently always present, but usually combined in some manner with other substances. It is only set free to exert its all-important action at a certain stage in the development of the embryo.

All really fundamental discoveries in science are essentially simplifications. They bring together a series of hitherto apparently unrelated facts. This is true of these recent discoveries in experimental embryology. Entirely independent work by Professor Kennaway and his collaborators at the Cancer Hospital in London has revealed that cancer can be artificially produced by a series of sterol-like substances. Moreover, the oestrous cycle in Mammals is apparently controlled by the action of other closely allied substances. It has now been found that members of both of these groups can do the work of the organiser, they are, in the words of Waddington and Needham, "capable of evocating" the formation of a primitive nerve cord in the vertebrate embryo.

Cancer is tissue which has lost the specialisation of adult tissues, reverted to an embryonic condition and run riot in the body. It is no longer under the control of the agencies which control growth. It is highly probable that these organising or evocating substances play a big part in this, and a new attack on the problems of cancer is being launched from this aspect. Perhaps in the long run humanity may have to thank a man who did delicate and ingenious experiments on the developing eggs of newts for the solving of one of its greatest problems—also, let us hope, for the abolition of one of its greatest scourges.

C. M. Y.

Correspondence

THE BROKEN MANDATE

SIR,—We voted for the National Government at the recent election because we were under the impression that we were supporting a sane and secure administration. We now wish to register an absolute and unqualified disapproval of the Government's whole attitude to the Abyssinian question.

We understood that the Government asked the country amongst other things for a mandate for rearmament to enable the Government to carry out to the full its obligations under the League Covenant. We now find the Government proposing to join in an allocation to Italy of territory which does not belong to the Government, nor to the League, but which does unquestionably belong to Abyssinia, in an effort, it would appear, to avoid the imposition of an "oil" sanction on Italy.

What would be the effect of such a sanction is so obvious to everybody that we can only imagine that the Government's hesitation is due either to a desire to keep Mussolini in power at the expense of Abyssinia or to an attack of "cold feet" which seems to us to be utterly despicable in what was and should still be the premier Government of the World.

Liverpool. EDWARD WHITLEY
JOHN WHITLEY NANCE

[This letter is typical of a number of letters already received from supporters of the National Government.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SOVIET COMMUNISM

SIR,—I do not know who Mr. Louis Fischer may be. He is careful to impress upon us that he knows a good deal about Russia. But it would be difficult to conceive anything more pitifully inadequate than his appreciation of the Webbs' great book. I have read what I could find about the Russian experiment, but so far as I know there is nothing in the English language which even attempts the task which the Webbs have magnificently achieved: the task of analysing and explaining a new social, economic and political state of almost incredible complexity, variety and size. Only the Webbs could have succeeded, as they have done, in making it not only intelligible and convincing, but at the same time fascinating and even exciting reading. It stands out among the other books on Russia just as the Webbs' *History of Trade Unionism* and *Industrial Democracy*, even after forty years, tower above all other books dealing with the same subjects.

But it is not only the power and excellence of the book; it is the tremendous revolutionary importance of the experiment described which makes the whole thing so thrilling. The most important aspect for us in England is undoubtedly the new economic and industrial system. We talk a great deal about planning in this country; but our planning is a constant fight against

vested interests. Town planning and housing would be relatively easy if we could act on the advice of our best experts. In fact, the satisfactory rehousing of the people is thwarted at every turn by the dreary and unending fight against people whose personal interests would be damaged if we did the right thing.

All this friction is abolished in Russia. Take the most important instance of it: if the Webbs are to be believed, the Trade Unions in Russia are not fighting organisations; no ca'canny, no demarcation disputes, no strikes; and for a very simple reason—there is no enemy to fight against. The Trade Unions know that any surplus production is entirely for their own benefit, and their sole idea is to increase production, to help the management to devise methods of inducing every man to work his best and hardest. Could a more fundamental and beneficent revolution in industrial production be conceived?

Take one other aspect of production. We have in this country had about two million unemployed for the last ten years. Our economists are now engaged in endeavouring to forecast whether over the next ten years the unemployment is likely to remain at two millions or to be somewhat more or less. Nobody seems to have any real hope of reducing it, yet the Webbs tell us that unemployment in Russia has been abolished, and that after full investigation they believe that the Russian system of production and planning means that unemployment has been abolished not only for the period of scarcity, but for ever, even when and if the age of plenty may come.

In this country the fundamentally idiotic belief is growing that in order to abolish unemployment we must give up efficient methods of production. Local authorities have in some cases made it a condition of a contract that inefficient machinery should be used in order to increase employment. In Russia every soul believes almost passionately in using the most efficient possible machinery.

For these and other reasons the Webbs believe that Russia will, in another generation, if it continues to progress on present lines, be the richest country in the world. Who can say with confidence that they are wrong?

There are other aspects of the Russian revolution, not only economic, but also political and social, which may be equally important as examples. For instance, their control of the backward races by the grant of cultural autonomy seems to be successful and is in extraordinary contrast with the capitalist Powers' treatment of their colonies.

Can the Webbs' account of Russia be trusted? Or have they been bewitched, and are they describing not what exists in Russia, but the ideal Socialist State which they have always wanted to see?

I know no rational grounds for any such belief. The Webbs have proved themselves over the last fifty years by far the most eminent sociological researchers in the English-speaking world. Their work on Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies, on local government and on poor law, is classical and of unchallenged authority. What they say about Russia must surely be accepted as being as close an approximation to the truth as human observers are capable of finding—until and unless it is shown to be wrong.

There is, of course, the other side to the Russian experiment. The atrocious barbarity and cruelty with which they treat those who deviate from the party line are as abhorrent to every decent Englishman as their constructive work is good.

I believe this to be the most important book on political and economic matters which I have ever read. I believe it to be essential that we should try to understand what is being done in Russia, and that if the Webbs' picture proves to be a true one, we should devote the whole of our energy to two things; first, to preserving our British democratic traditions of toleration, free discussion and political liberty, and, secondly, to the endeavour to remodel our economic system so as to secure the advantages of the Russian system—the abolition of unemployment, increased production, and, above all, equality of opportunity for every individual.

Broomcroft, Ford Lane, Didsbury. E. D. SIMON

[We do not quite understand why Sir Ernest Simon should have begun his admirable appreciation of the Webbs' great book by so vehement a stricture on Mr. Louis Fischer's review. Mr. Fischer, who has lived in Russia for many years and who is Moscow correspondent of the New York *Nation* and also a regular contributor to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, has frequently written of Soviet Russia in similar terms to those used by Sir Ernest Simon, and in his review of *Soviet Communism* spoke of it as the most "inclusive and therefore realistic" view of Soviet Russia published in any language. We welcome Sir Ernest Simon to the ranks of those who, like ourselves, Mr. Fischer and the Webbs, look for salvation in a fully socialised community.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE SILENT POGROM

SIR,—The following true story, in which certain persons known to a friend of mine were involved, may be of interest to those of your readers who still doubt the "Silent Pogrom" in Germany.

Three Berlin medical men, old friends and all Jews, met in a quiet little café. One of them relates that a young woman came to see him that morning in great distress, and mentions that she wished him to effect interruption of pregnancy for her, as she feared her parents' attitude towards her, and anyhow she was in great mental perturbation, which might easily have prenatal influence on the unborn child. She states that she has come to him, as her friend—Else Muller—was assisted by him only a year ago. The doctor regrets not remembering any such person as Else Muller, and even consults his card index of cases treated within recent months and finds no trace of the name. He points out that in any case he does not perform illegal operations, and that the young lady must be mistaken and has confused his name with that of a colleague. She agrees that this is possible, and takes her leave without any further parley. Immediately one of the other two friends exclaims that he also had a visit from this young woman and that she mentioned the name of Else Muller as the friend who recommended her to consult him. A few days later the third doctor receives a visit from a young woman and hears exactly the same story. After a while he begs leave to sterilise some instruments in his surgery, but in reality goes to the telephone and speaks to the chief police officer of the abortion offences department of the civil police. The officer instructs him to keep the young woman there at all costs and by any pretexts he cares to use, and says that he will send two constables to the doctor's house at once. The doctor returns to his consulting room, and after waiting the best part of an hour is forced to confess that he has police instructions to detain the young woman until the constables arrive. The lady is not at all surprised and seems amused at being detained. After an hour and a half the secret or "black" police arrive, ask for an explanation and remove the lady. The doctor is arrested in the middle of the night on a charge of wrongfully detaining a patient against her will. After some weeks of prison the doctor is brought into court, and to his astonishment and that of everyone else, the civil police chief, an honest man, bears out the testimony of the defendant, against whom a falsified and very unsavoury version of the facts have been presented. The court very grudgingly gives the prisoner his freedom. The civil chief of police, however, is removed to a small and distant town at a nominal salary and in undisguised disgrace. The doctor becomes a marked man and is haunted by the certain knowledge of traps and denunciations. Quite needlessly, however, as within a few days he is quietly removed to a concentration camp, and has not been heard of again by his friends and family. "CUNCTATOR"

Marylebone, W.1.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE

SIR,—There is a strange note of defeatism in certain of the letters on the Labour Party's future. Mr. G. D. H. Cole's article, which originated this interesting correspondence, sets the tone. Having sat in all the post-war Parliaments, fought eight times and won six times as a candidate, and spoken every night in various parts of the country during the recent General Election, my opinion may have some value.

The encouraging symptom is the spirit of the rank and file—the canvassers, workers in committee rooms, ward chairmen and secretaries, the candidates themselves. The faith and confidence in the future of these splendid people is not shaken by shortage of funds and cars, anti-Labour prejudices and fears, victimisation, the indifference or hostility of thousands of members of the working-class and all the other handicaps enumerated by your correspondents.

By the end of the campaign I thought we were back to the 1929 position in seats won. Mr. Cole and I were disappointed; but I interpret the reasons differently. We Socialists have had a run of bad luck, the Tories a run of exceedingly good luck, during the last six years.

(*a*) The 1929 Labour Government took office at the beginning of a world slump.

(*b*) This disadvantage was accentuated by the atrociously bad leadership of two men in key positions—MacDonald and Snowden.

(*c*) These two, with J. H. Thomas, an outstandingly successful Trade Union negotiator, betrayed their party in 1931.

(*d*) There has been some measure of revival in world trade since the "National" Government took office.

(*e*) The abandonment of the gold standard has helped a trade revival in this and other countries in the sterling group.

(*f*) In recent foreign affairs, Hoare, Eden and Baldwin have stolen much of our thunder—or at least they have persuaded a large section of the voters that they have.

(*g*) Lansbury, a beloved leader and a national figure, resigned the chairmanship of the Party on the eve of the election.

I can find no previous case in English political history where a governing party without a recognised leader has appealed to the country.

(*h*) The Tories superseded MacDonald and Simon just at the right moment; and there was a disposition to give Baldwin an extended trial. His leadership was superb from the Tory point of view.

These were the circumstances under which we had to preach Socialism. Of course we lost.

But what of the future?

The trade cycle continues under capitalism. There will probably be another world slump before the next election. There will be the inevitable reactions from the East African war and the sanctions, in any case. Already there are signs of a slackening in the building boom which has so helped our home market. The sudden imposition of tariffs on a free trade economy always leads to an apparent prosperity in certain trades and industries. It will not last.

My information is that, barring a coup d'état, the Left will win a great victory in France next May. This, and a breakdown of Fascism in Italy, will check the tide of reaction everywhere. Most important of all is the continuing success of the great Russian experiment. This will have important effects on the Socialist campaign everywhere.

There will be other happenings no man can foretell. But it is safe to prophesy that the conditions for us will be much more favourable next time. In the meantime, may I suggest that the main task of those who believe in Socialism is to preach Socialism? It will come, anyway. Our duty is to hasten it. STRABOLGI

House of Lords,

ANGLO-GERMAN FOOTBALL

SIR,—Lord Mount Temple, chairman of the Anglo-German Fellowship, presiding the other day at a dinner to the German Sports Leader and the president of the German Organising Committee for the Olympic Games, said, "If another war comes . . . I hope the partners will be changed"; and expressed the opinion that the Anglo-German football match is a turning point in the good feeling between the two countries. The *Angriff* and the *Börsenzeitung* have similarly stressed the definite political significance of that game.

Our Home Secretary assured the T.U.C. deputation that there was no such significance. In view of these events, and especially of the Fellowship dinner, the code of an English gentleman would appear to exact from Sir John Simon an admission that it was the T.U.C.'s judgment which was right, and an expression of regret at the unsportsmanlike misuse of the football fixture which has occurred. No one will think less of Sir John for compliance with the dictates of this code. Contrariwise. L. W. CARRUTHERS

7 Thyra Grove, Finchley, N.12.

A RED CROSS AEROPLANE

SIR,—As some of your readers may have learnt from the daily press, I have undertaken, on behalf of the Women's Advisory Council of the League of Nations Union, to raise sufficient funds to send a fully equipped Red Cross aeroplane to Addis Ababa. I have taken this action in response to a most urgent appeal from Lady Barton, the British Minister's wife, who has been largely instrumental in forming the Ethiopian Women's Work Association for the purpose of making bandages and surgical dressings. The medical services with the Ethiopian Army are still lamentably defective, and we are assured that nothing is more needed than an aeroplane which will take medical supplies from Addis Ababa to the front. This would mean delivering supplies of bandages, surgical dressings or drugs in three hours instead of in five weeks if they are sent by caravan.

A powerful aeroplane, a de Havilland Dragon, is now being overhauled and fitted for this arduous work, and we are fortunate in having secured the services of Air Commodore Fellowes of Everest fame to fly it to Addis Ababa accompanied by another experienced pilot, Captain Hayter, who will remain in the service of the Ethiopian Red Cross. Once it is in Abyssinia the aeroplane will be able to help all the Red Cross units, including our own British unit. It should be ready to start in a week.

So far little more than half of the £3,000 required for this undertaking has been received. I most earnestly beg your readers to send me at once anything that they can afford for this noble purpose. Cheques should be addressed to me (Viscountess Gladstone), Red Cross Aeroplane Appeal, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1. DOROTHY GLADSTONE

MONEY AND THE ELECTION

SIR,—What your correspondent G. T. Garratt says about the shameless display of wealth by the Conservatives in political elections is certainly true, but the effect is not always what he supposes it to be. The sight of innumerable motor cars displaying Conservative colours, even in a municipal election, in a Berkshire town some years ago prompted more than a few persons like myself who are not strong politicians and have little faith in any politician out of mere protest, to vote for the Labour Party.

The Newlands, E. S. SMITH

7 S. Mary's Road, Leamington Spa.

CHEESE

SIR,—An habitual reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I find Mr. David Garnett's pontifical utterances diverting and frequently informative. Neither adjective applies to his review of *A Little Book of Cheese*, in which he states "There is no tolerable American cheese, either, and for the same reason; a settled civilisation of long standing is needed for making cheese." He knows nothing of the farm cheeses to be bought in Lancaster County markets in Pennsylvania, nor of the Mohawk Valley full cream, nor of the Wisconsin sharp cheese.

There is even a domestic Camembert which, if properly matured, he might try—blindfolded—in comparison with the French product. And there are, of course, other excellent local cheeses in profusion.

The best reason for statements like Mr. Garnett's is that used by Dr. Johnson to explain his definition of pastern.

54 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. STEPHEN J. HERBEN, JR.

PROVINCIALISM AT CHATHAM HOUSE

SIR,—"Critic's" comments on Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Institute of International Affairs deserve some expression of gratitude from those among the members present who found it as regrettable as he did. To describe it as a "lapse into sheer provincialism" is surely not unfair (except perhaps to the provinces); and while it may seem presumptuous on the part of a quite unimportant member of the Institute to express an opinion on this matter, I presume to do so, because one can only hope that the unfortunate impression which the Foreign Secretary's speech must have left on the minds of our many distinguished foreign guests may be to some extent counteracted by assurances that by no means all the members listened to it with the same smug complacency with which it was delivered.

Sudbury, Suffolk. KATHLEEN GORE

TOTEM

SIR,—May I intervene in the correspondence about Mr. Beevers' review of *Totem* to say that, though I think Mr. Beevers gave a generally correct interpretation of my theme, he missed the specific significance of the terms "myth," "magic," and "totem."

I would like, if I may (*a*) to correct Mr. Beevers on one or two points, (*b*) to clarify my terminology. I hope thus to expose the real fallacies behind the letters of Mr. McG. Eager and Mr. J. L. Render. Both correspondents, rightly in my opinion, take Mr. Beevers to task for his implied aversion to enthusiasm in groups. I never intended, in *Totem*, to analyse the procedure and behaviour

of " groupings of people founded upon a purely emotional basis." The only examples I know of such groups are chance crowds fleeing at the cry of fire.

I should certainly be wasting my time if I tried to find " subtle viciousness " in the benevolent intentions of Mr. McG. Eager, Mr. Render and " Tubby " Clayton. I merely find psychological innocence. The " subtle viciousness " in Toc H and the Boys' Clubs (to take two examples of totemic groups) consists for me in the peculiar way in which the emotional needs of the marginal people who belong to these groups, are *rationalised* into a *myth*. It is not the emotional enthusiasm of young Nazis at Nuremberg or young Toc H-ers at a birthday festival that concerns me, otherwise I should have included, in common fairness, Russian youth, but the totemic aspect of this enthusiasm—its focusing on bastard ideas such as Fitness or Fellowship, its concentration in useless expressions of *esprit de corps*.

I would like definitely to say that I have no quarrel with the founders of groups as such. Their activities are bound, I think, to contain an element of emotion. But in my opinion groups, if they are to be useful, should have objective aims; they might aim, for instance, at the advancement of town-planning in this country, or the furtherance of a political programme. But when groups arise like those with which Mr. McG. Eager and Mr. Render are connected, with an implied political bias, but no objective aim, taking the form of a vague charter of ideals, I call that charter of ideals, such as the Toc H Four Points of the Compass, a myth. Activities, flowing from myth, which foster ritual, I call totemic.

I believe that totemic activity is subtly vicious because, in its insistence on the magical quality of what Mr. Render calls " service," it blinds members of the groups to the large social ends for which these activities should exist, and precludes a really scientific (or sociological) approach.

Mr. Render's statement that " no social worker to-day can possible be ' isolated from all forms of social reality ' " seems plausible, if we ignore the question-begging nature of the word, " reality," but it can be disproved by an examination of the history of Toc H and Housing in this country, as I have indicated in my book.

HAROLD STOVIN

27 St. George's Square, S.W.1.

THE ROUBLE

SIR,—It is interesting to students of morbid psychology to see how low a writer of ability, once a close reasoner and accurate deductionist, can be brought by *odium economicum*. Mr. F. W. Hirst, in his new book *Economic Freedom and Private Property*, states on p. 93 that " The purchasing power of a rouble is about a penny." On p. 127, in the hope of discrediting the Soviet system, he prints the statement that " A pair of British-made shoes sells at 175 roubles (i.e., about £25 sterling at the official rate of exchange "). It is true this statement is a quotation, but if any readers of his book do not happen to be familiar with currency curiosities, or to remember that the purchasing power of a rouble is about a penny (which makes the boots worth 14*s*. 7*d*.), Mr. Hirst leaves them under the impression that the boots cost the equivalent of £25.

This is so absurd that even Mr. Winston Churchill could hardly believe it, but I have heard many people say butter costs 28*s*. a pound in Russia and a bottle of beer 10*s*., because writers have misled them, as Mr. Hirst does. *Corruptio optimi pessima!*

HAMILTON FYFE

DER STÜRMER

SIR,—Because of the impression I have gained from a nine-months' visit to Germany I should like to see justice done to the " Nazi mentality " you mentioned in your comment last week. It is true that *Der Stürmer* has been set up in public places where it may be read by every passer-by, but it should also be remembered that this generous method of advertising a newspaper is general in Germany. I have not noticed that the stands reserved for *Der Stürmer* are better patronised than the others. In the last few weeks I have made a point of asking for opinions on Streicher's paper from various types of Nazi followers—hot, lukewarm and cool. Only one, not a P.G. Nazi, has defended it on the ground that what it describes is fact. Even he does not attempt to defend its style. Some who are strongly for the Government in other respects are indignant and ashamed at this public exhibition. That the Jews " are unable to engage in ordinary trade " and " debarred from ordinary employment " is only partially true. It applies everywhere to State officials and those in public employment, such as teachers and lawyers, but there are thousands of Jews in Germany who go about their normal business unhindered and unmolested. Here in Stuttgart in the main shopping centre are two large and apparently flourishing shops run by well-known Jewish firms. I am told that in Schwäbisch Hall one Jewish business which closed down at the beginning of the persecution was persuaded to re-open because of the liking and respect in which the townspeople held its Jewish proprietor. So that in spite of admonitions, such as, " Deutscher! Kaufe nur in deutschen Geschäften! " it is obvious that " das Volk " is not yet fully inoculated with Streicher's Jew-hatred, and, from what I know of the warm, simple character of these South German people, I am convinced it never will be.

I am not defending " persecution and terrorism " nor trying to deny that gross injustices have been done, but, knowing the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION well, I am convinced it is too fair to wish by exaggerated half-truths to incite more ill-feeling against Germany than she deserves and so help to build the wall of mistrust and misunderstanding which, sooner or later, must be broken down if there is ever to be peace in Europe.

FRANCES M. GUTHRIE

Miscellany

THE AGA KHAN

THE Mahatma apart, he is perhaps the best-known Indian in English-speaking countries. But though he is the head of some millions of Mohammedans; though he was the chief Mohammedan figure in the Round Table Conference; though he has been the Indian delegate to the League of Nations Assembly; it is as none of these that he is known.

For the British public, the Aga Khan is one of the three or four most successful owners on the turf. He has won the Derby; and men follow his advice on racing matters with the solemnity that his own people give to his counsel in the religious field. His popularity is immense. For them, he ranks with Lord Derby and Lord Astor. Success at Epsom transcends all differences of race or colour or creed.

To the outside world, the Aga Khan is, above all, the typical figure of society whom one sees on the Riviera in the winter, in London in the season, and in the *Tatler* at all times. He is the fashionable man about town, as well known in Paris as in London, more fitted, to the outward eye, to a gathering at the Ritz Hotel than to a congregation at the mosque of his sect. He seems of the breed of Viscount Castlerosse, a decoration fitted to adorn one of Lord Beaverbrook's famous parties.

But that is not the whole story. The Aga Khan, to the external observer, is no more than a playboy of the Western world. He is, however, something more. In a genial way, he is well read, with an astonishing fund of information. He has plenty of shrewdness. He is a bargainer in diplomatic negotiation with all the Oriental genius for finesse. He can assume, at a bound, the habits of an Eastern sovereign who does not lightly brook disobedience. Had he given his mind to it, he has the talent to be a politician of not inconsiderable distinction. But he has preferred to approach the serious side of life interstitially. It is an interest he enjoys as an occasional relaxation.

His position is a curious one. His religious function brings him tribute from millions, and he is a very rich man. He has no territory, though he has been said to desire territory in India. In some degree, he is a keen Indian nationalist, though of the type that does not want undue emphasis upon the democratic side of nationalism. His religion he interprets in the broadminded way suitable to an experienced man of the world. He does not find it incompatible with enjoyment of the main discoveries of Western civilisation, so far as these adorn the life of a man of the world.

A genial cynicism of temper; an enormous appetite for life; a profound desire to show that he can do, and do well, all that the aristocratic children of this world can accomplish; a power to recollect, on great occasions, that he is, after all, something between a Pope and a Prince, with the title to a status that befits this mystery; these are his outstanding qualities. One does not quite see him as the embodiment of the fighting qualities of Mohammedanism. One doubts a little that his interest in the theological niceties of his creed is profound. He pursues his political adventures far more comfortably in London or Paris or Cannes than he could do in India. But he is content to prove that, not less than Leo X, one may have the obligations of a papal office, and yet find them compatible with enjoyment. He takes that to be the mark of a civilised man.

There are parts of India and Africa where his word is law; but there are parts of Lancashire and London where men wait not less eagerly for his pronouncements just before Derby Day. To have fused those varieties of experience into a unified personality is surely one of the notable achievements of our time.

COCTEAU'S DRAWINGS

THOSE who write for "the great weeklies" have been told to read *Punch*. I, for one, will not: also, I will point out that anybody who, writing for one "great weekly," reads all the others—which appears to be what Mr. Herbert wants us to do—would have little time to read anything else. But I could wish that those who draw for *Punch* would study those two funny papers, *The New Yorker* and *Ballyhoo*. From Thurber, Peter Arno and Steig they have much to learn. Since, however, they in their turn may reply—"We haven't the time," I will ask them only to devote an hour to the drawings by Cocteau at the Mayor Gallery.

For Cocteau is an illustrator and a humorist, which is not to deny that he is a visual artist and a poet. Indeed, it is certain that one cannot be a first-rate illustrator unless one is something of an artist, and it is doubtful whether humour and comedy, as opposed to wit and fun, can exist without an ingredient of poetry. From any drawing by Cocteau we learn that the draughtsman possesses manual dexterity and the seeing eye; and, in fact, such things as *Orphée* (No. 7) and *Jean Desbordes* (29) would hold their own, as drawings, in any modern exhibition. But Cocteau is not, and does not intend to be, a pure visual artist, one, that is, who uses a visual medium to express his sense of things visible; what he uses it for is to suggest ideas and fancies and judgments which either could not be suggested in words or could not be suggested so effectively. His caricature of Marie Laurencin tells us not so much what he sees in that eminent lady as what he knows about her. It bears witness not only to a sharp eye and a hand that can do what the eye asks of it, but to a penetrating intellect.

I have used the dangerous word "caricature" because some of these drawings seem to me definitely caricatural. By caricature I mean the use of some visual medium to give a summary, brief but not necessarily disobliging, of a character, a state of mind, or of a doctrine even. In essence it is psychological and not plastic; and there have been caricaturists who achieved their ends by the ingenious relating of a few lines and dots which, in themselves, aesthetically considered, had little or no significance. Cocteau's drawings are never as stark as that; always they have aesthetic quality. This was demonstrated at the private view by the fact that the caricatures of Auric, for all that they were catalogued "Doucet," were giving pleasure to people who were unaware of the error. Nevertheless, because these flights of fancy and intelligence are caricatures and not pure drawings, those who did recognise the mistake got more pleasure still.

What is peculiar and precious in Cocteau's caricatures is the oddity of the psychological points which he chooses to stress. He does not so much seize on characteristics as allow the cat to slip out of the bag. He gives us the strange flavour, more often than not a slightly disquieting flavour, of people and places and theories and things; and he gives it as often as not by means of a flowing line and a few discreet accents. Rarely is the characteristic to which our attention is drawn the obvious one, and the point is never underlined. But it is made, and it pricks. Had Cocteau been born in time and place to adumbrate his sense of the late Joseph Chamberlain, it is unlikely that he would have insisted on his self-confidence and vanity, or that he would have made play exclusively with his eye-glass, his orchid, and his nose.

Cocteau is more, much more, than a caricaturist. It is the oddity of the things that catch his imagination, or rather that his imagination catches, the oddity of similarities and contrasts, of the implications suggested by lines and spaces, that distinguishes his drawings from the mass of able illustration. He is a phantasist; and it is in his phantasias (of which there are too few in this exhibition), it is when an original notion has been enveloped in a surprising but unmistakably appropriate image, that he is seen at his best. *Succès d'estime* for instance: this vision of a fighting bull who has knocked a statue off its pedestal and now with furious self-complacency thrusts a horn deep into the tube that was the statue's neck gives me a new, and painfully convincing, sense of what a *succès d'estime* amounts to. Another curious thing is that one gets a distinct impression of the image having come into the artist's conscious mind before the idea; also the spectator feels the sense of the drawing before he has recognised the details on which that sense depends. This is as characteristic a bit of Jean Cocteauism as one could hope to find: it is characteristic of the draughtsman and of the poet. Preposterous and illogical, Cocteau's fantasias, though plastically influenced by Picasso, have no affinity with anything else in painting or literature, unless it be with some pages of *Alice in Wonderland*. They remind one only of some of his writings, of the nightmare logic of *Les Mariés de la Tour*

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Eiffel, of that lost ostrich which naturally escaped from the camera when the photographer said that "a little bird would pop out of the box," of the general who habitually told stories about mirages and accordingly knew, when he saw a lion on the first floor of the Eiffel Tower, that the lion was a mirage, and was accordingly eaten, all but a boot and a spur. This drawing, *Succès d'estime*, however, reminded me delightfully of another drawing by the same artist, a drawing of two round, sleek, admirably groomed dray-horses, trotting side by side and step for step, and called *Rimes Riches*. CLIVE BELL

"EASTER 1916"

ON the evening of Sunday, 8th December, I was a proud man as I sat in the stalls of the Phoenix Theatre watching the "Left Theatre" performance of Mr. Montague Slater's play, *Easter* 1916, with my fourteen-year-old son, and saw a prophecy I had made, two years before he was born, come true upon the stage. In the summer of 1919, I foretold that in the irony of time James Connolly, the rebel executed by English soldiers in 1916, the one grave blot on whose character was his irrational distrust of all English people, with the doubtful exception of Harry Gosling, was the very man to become a darling of the English people. And there, sure enough, on Sunday night, Jim Connolly, as the hero of an essentially English play, was cheered to the echo by a crowded and rapturous London audience. And lest anyone should have applauded the play more than James Connolly, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. for Jarrow, came out and told us before the curtain that Jim was the most splendid fellow she had ever known in England or out of it, or words to that effect. And so the audience dispersed, singing his praises, and no doubt determined at once to buy and read his daughter Nora's book about him, advertised on the back of the programme. It was a memorable evening.

Gothic eroticism

as it is expressed in the flabby person of Herman Goering, has done one noble service to mankind, if not two. It revealed solid and enduring against the changing skies of unhealthy dictatorships, the honest and splendid figure of Dimitroff. Forgive all the adjectives: we feel that way. This friend of man, whose courage and whose wit startled even the corpses in the Athenæum, might have lived and died in comparative obscurity had he not been the unwitting instrument, as Sacco and Vanzetti were unwitting instruments and as Matteoti was, with which history is ever more frequently forcing capitalism to stab itself. He was a nine days wonder in capitalist worlds, but now, in the foggy air of literary parlours he is *vieux jeu*: other idols such as Fred Astaire or Joe Louis or a royal baby have taken his place. But Dimitroff, impolite fellow that he is, goes on, an inspiration to tired and unhappy men and women, a guide to those who would so change the order of things that only individual self-dissatisfaction will make unhappiness. It is all very disturbing no doubt, that such a man should be so misguided as to choose the side of the fence on which he wishes to make his home, but there it is. Facts is facts, and you can't get away from it. That Dimitroff out of whose courage you once got a kick, madam, is still going strong you will doubtless be surprised to hear. But he is. And incidentally his life and his work will show you that Marxism which you probably still believe to be rigid is in fact a doctrine far more flexible than others.

We spoke, we see, of a second service rendered mankind by Goering. We can't really think of one unless it be that he has given final proof that sadism is only at its most elegant when practised by little growing boys.

As for Dimitroff again—here is a book. Why not have a word with your bookseller, and if he hasn't got it, don't walk out in a huff: just ask him to order it for you.

The Working Class Against War and Fascism (cloth, 128 pp., 1s.). We have another coming by him in the New Year.

Also another booklet by another great leader: *Three Speeches*, by J. Stalin, 3d. How a new life is being built—the obverse of that that Goering typifies.

(Don't forget your *1936*—"lots of punch.")

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The success of Mr. Slater's play seems to me in a measure comparable with that of Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. It will be remembered that Mr. William Rea fell about half a foot short of Lincoln's towering height, but he delivered the words of Lincoln, artfully selected for him by Mr. Drinkwater, as conscientiously as if they were a trust direct from the great President himself. So, in *Easter* 1916, did Mr. Christopher Steele, too willowy in figure and light in voice to bear much physical resemblance to Connolly (who looked and talked like an incredibly intellectual County Monaghan drover), yet make us feel that he was the authentic mouthpiece on earth of that bright and dauntless spirit. I was deeply moved by Mr. Steele's unpretentious and soberly humorous performance, which kept its dignity even in an otherwise blatantly farcical scene that threatened to wreck the play: the fault here was probably the producer's rather than the author's, or perhaps the comedians took the bits between their teeth and bolted from his control. I am sorry to have to admonish Mr. C. L. Pack that he ruined the general good effect of his impersonation of a special correspondent by his meaningless high jinks at this point.

The weakness of the play lies in the author's failure to distinguish between the economic theme and the national. Whatever the sins of England against Ireland in the past, she was in no way to blame for the Great Strike (or as Liberty Hall called it, Lock-Out) of 1913. The champion of the employers, without whom their resistance would have been futile, was William Martin Murphy, Catholic and Nationalist. The only member of the Nationalist Parliamentary Party who dared even to criticise him was Mr. Stephen Gwynn, a Protestant. Apart from the megalomaniac quality of his self-righteousness, Murphy was a model employer; but when his men, with no complaint against himself, went out on sympathetic strike he certainly did expect Jehovah to smite them in red ruin. Even so, the vignette of Mr. Murphy offered us by Mr. Slater is definitely libellous, and I consider the Lord Chamberlain justified in refusing to license this otherwise irreproachable piece until this matter of offence has been purged. The actor who played the part bore no resemblance to Murphy and his trenchant scene would have been equally effective under any other name. Only Mr. Keith Pyott, who admirably suggested Roger Casement's somewhat uncanny knightliness, resembled his prototype in real life. Constance Markievicz was to be identified chiefly by her "gun." I was glad we were spared a representation of her recorded use of it. I cannot imagine why the third act was called *March* 1916 on the programme. March 1916 was much too cold for fighting: the latter part of April, when Easter week fell, was just perfect. Speaking generally, it is sweeter, if not actually more decorous, to die for your country in spring than in winter. In that, as in some other things, Jim Connolly agreed with the writer of this note. CONAL O'RIORDAN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Macbeth" at The Old Vic.

The simplicity of this production enables *Macbeth* to be given almost in entirety, a method which has its particular advantages in the treatment of Shakespeare's long episodic plays. *Anthony and Cleopatra* is the best example of this, where the gain to the emotional suspense by the inclusion of the short battle-scenes shows how well Shakespeare knew his job. If we are surprised to see the witches in the courtyard of Macbeth's castle, it is a surprise which very quickly ceases to annoy, and which is amply compensated for by the swifter movement of the dramatic action. In any case, the cloud of smoke which normally fills the Old Vic auditorium quickly adds an illusion, for which Mr. Henry Cass should be justly grateful. Miss Vivienne Bennett's very modern Lady Macbeth has a freshness which makes up for the loss of music in some of the lines, and her performance of the sleep-walking scene was admirable. Mr. Swinley's Macbeth is less good. There is probably no intermediate stage, which is satisfactory, between treating the part in a good Irving-esque way and as a pure psychological study, and most actors, Mr. Swinley included, cannot quite make up their minds which line

to take. It is very likely that Macbeth is a better part to read than to play, and at least it is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Swinley speak his lines. As in all productions Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, though at least twenty years probably pass between the beginning and end of the play, are untouched by time. Mr. Leo Genn added a pendant to his house-prefect Brutus with an equally noble Macduff, while Mr. Devlin managed to get a great deal out of the sometimes insignificant part of Banquo. The "hurly-burly" went well, though I was sorry not to see Hecate; on the other hand, I was delighted that the porter was so well-protected against the wintry Scotch blasts by what appeared to me to be a gorilla-skin.

"These Mortals" (The Repertory Players) at the Aldwych.

Capt. Harwood's brilliantly amusing charade is banned by the Censor for the same reason that Mr. Marc Connelly's masterpiece is and, indeed, the make-up of the Maker of the Universe would offend a number of people, who would find that a Saviour who is referred to as the Boss, and who talks of saxophones still brings a sense of discomfort to those who have had the benefit or disaster of normal upbringing. The schoolboy may, and often does, refer to the initiation ceremony of puberty as "the Confirmation Stakes," but it does not alter the ingrained reverence most of us have for the most important figure in the history of the world. But a slight change in his appearance would alter all this and it would then be a thousand pities, if this witty entertainment—for it is much too discursive and inconsecutive to be called a play—should not be permitted in these enlightened days. It owes much to two things: Miss Isabel Jeans' performance, enchanting in action, speech, and still more in appearance, as Helen of Troy, moving through her improper past, present and future, rapidly discarding her boring lovers and finally winning one of the two coveted seats in Heaven in competition with the Lords of the Earth; and Mr. Basil Radford's Deity, shrewd and entertaining as Zeus and moving as Christ in the last and serious speech of the evening. Here the producer lost his touch in allowing Uncle Tom to cap this beautiful moment with a banal spiritual. In a long and admirable cast, I select Mr. Charles Lefeaux for an excellent sketch of Homer, Miss Fabia Drake for an amusing Clytemnestra, and Mr. Robert Eddison for a discreet Ganymede with a pair of legs, which would certainly have made their market in the old Athenian days. I particularly commend Miss Jeans' dress in the manner of the Titian Flora in white crinkled crêpe relieved by a purple scarf and poppies in the hair.

"The Last Outpost" at the Plaza

We are naturally grateful to any cinema management that presents Claude Rains and Edward Everett Horton in one programme. It is unfortunate, though, for *The Last Outpost* that it should be showing in London at the same time as *La Bandera*. Both movies claim comparison with *Bengal Lancer* in their advertisements; but the one is a first-class film—authentic, simple and stirring: the other a stereotype of the same old excessive and silly romance of two uniforms and a girl. It is not wholly bad, however; as I said, Claude Rains is in it. The first half is excellent, good enough to make what follows doubly regrettable. First we get fast action and precipitous scenery in the melodramatic mountains of Kurdistan, with Rains, as Mr. Smith of the Intelligence Service, striding restlessly and recklessly about, all gallant, guttural and disguised as a Kurdish officer. (He is a splendid actor, plausible as the devil—which is the part someone ought to give him to play.) But after action comes sentiment . . . and then a spot of trouble in the Sudan. For soon we find ourselves staring glassily at love's inexorable isosceles. Obviously crazed by his wounds, the man whom the pseudo Mr. Smith has saved from death (Cary Grant) makes love to his saviour's unattractive wife—a pardonable mistake in one respect, because (*a*) she does not know where, and her lover does not know who, her husband is; (*b*) she shouldn't be here anyway, and (*c*) by using her maiden name she assumes for him no less than a triple incognito. Ah, frailty, thy name is film-star! This futile tragedy of errors is solved by a Last Post sounded over sands of the desert naturally only too delighted to welcome Rains, who dies, with tactful gallantry, at the hands of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies. *Little Big Shot*, the film which preceded all this was even more sentimental but really much better.

Embroideries at the Mayor Gallery

Embroidery is going out as a polite occupation and coming in again as an art. Even gallant colonels and scutcheoned peers exhibit specimens of their prowess with the needle. Unluckily the designs they work are not always as good as their execution. But when you go to see the Cocteau drawings, do not omit to look at the embroideries in the lower room. For here are panels, felicitous in design and engaging in colour, which set a standard in this branch of applied art. Marjorie Craigie, who worked them, and Michael Sevier, the designer, have produced objects enormously more satisfactory than most pictures to be seen in exhibitions. This show, very modestly, suggests to artists that they would often do better to give us what we want instead of what they think we ought to want.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 13th—
- Women's Peace Crusade Lunch. Mrs. Laura Puffer Morgan on "The Problems of the Naval Conference," Florence Restaurant, 1.
- New Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, December 14th—
- Children's Film Society. Humphrey Jennings on "Colour Films," Everyman Cinema Theatre, 11.
- Royal Choral Society. Carols. Albert Hall, 2.30.
- British Symphony Orchestra, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- J. Isaacs on "Poetry from 1637 to 1700," 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, 3.
- Smeterlin, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- "The Sleeping Beauty: or What a Witch!" Vaudeville Theatre.

SUNDAY, December 15th—
- Dr. Moritz Bonn on "The Haves and Have-nots Amongst States," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Handel's "Messiah," Queen's Hall, 3.15.
- W. Le Gros Clark on "Marxism and the Science of War," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- "Sail Away," Arts Theatre.

TUESDAY, December 17th—
- George Lansbury, M.P., on "Christ and Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Mrs. M. A. Hamilton on "British and American Broadcasting Contrasted," Conway Hall, 7.

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BUSINESS AND I
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Mr. W. J. B. Odhams, who has been for more than sixty years connected with the great business which bears his name, has written a book of a very unusual kind. The life of the business and his own have been so completely interwoven that he has been able to tell both stories in one without producing the effect of trying to mix oil and water. Even on the rare occasions when his material is severely financial his style never loses its lucidity and flow.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs, compiled by William George Smith with a witty and learned introduction by Janet E. Heseltine (*Oxford*, 21s.), is a fascinating book. Reading it is rather like looking through a collection of mouldering butterflies, some of which are extinct, or else have become so rare that one never comes across them. Once they were living flowers that fluttered through the language; what is the use of collecting them now that they are dead? No one, except some very out-of-the-way hedger and ditcher, will ever say again quite naturally: *He that makes his mistress a goldfinch may find her a wagtail.* I have never heard anyone use that pretty pun on the name wagtail which is so common in Restoration literature. It has died out, and, ignorant of the subtleties of ornithology, the young men of to-day make no distinctions of species when they speak of *birds*. Many of the best proverbs were local in origin, and thus in their very nature ephemeral. Such is: *Like Morley's ducks, born without a notion.* This was the excuse made for their straying into his neighbour's gardens by one of the Morleys who kept a pub at Sneinton. Of the same kind is: *As lazy as Ludlam's dog that leant his head against a wall to bark.* On the other hand, one must not search for any particular frail beauty immortalised in the proverb: *As tender as Parnell, that broke her finger in a posset-curd.* Parnell was the name for a priest's concubine. Many extinct proverbs have nothing but historical interest now. For example, *Cambridgeshire camels* is meaningless. Since the fens have been drained there are no men on stilts. An otherwise forgotten incident of local Government is enshrined in

Congleton rare, Congleton rare
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear.

* * *

The best proverbs are no doubt the very ancient, translated from the classics and adopted into every language; they have proved their humdrum everyday value by surviving. It is difficult to feel very excited, however, about *building castles in the air, calling a spade a spade, drawing water in a sieve, being led by the nose*, or *holding a wolf by the ears*, though the latter would mean more if, like Rostov, one had seen the huntsman Danilo throw himself from his horse on top of the wolf and snatch it by the ears in the midst of the dogs. More within our everyday experience is the depressing English sport of *going rabbitting with a dead ferret.* The proverbs I like best are agricultural. English labourers love grotesque anecdotes, and a genuine story is remembered and repeated with embellishments until it emerges in such a form as: *As wise as Waltham's calf that ran nine miles to suck a bull and came home athirst.* There are also such masterpieces of rural wit as that: *Ware and Wade's mill are worth all London.* Wade's Mill is three miles from the town of Ware. Not everyone will share my bumpkin taste, for *Every man as he loveth quoth the good man when he kissed his cow.* Some that seem to be mysteries turn out to be puns. *My name is Twyford, I know nothing of the matter*, almost set me looking for such a character in a collection of old plays before the obvious dawned on me. A fanciful example is *He comes from Hog's Norton, where pigs play on the organ*, of a man that snores. And such are all the proverbs about wives in Bedfordshire, husbands in Buckinghamshire, or marrying in Shrewsbury, which afforded an outlet for the *spirituel* wit of our ancestors. There is naturally a good deal of brutality to be found in them. *It is no more pity to see a woman weep than to see a goose go barefoot*—not a pretty sentiment. There is, however, something magnificently ruthless in Oliver Cromwell's coarse: *Nits will be lice*, which, however, seems not to have been used to justify massacring children but to have been applied to the little men among his enemies in the army. Scottish proverbs are rather repellent. Compare the grim *Kail spares bread* with the amenity and civilisation of *Cabbage twice served is death*, which derives from the Greek.

This Dictionary seems to me to be admirable. There are phrases in it which are scarcely proverbs, but there is no reason to complain of that. The proverbs I could not find at first have usually revealed themselves in some older form. The compilers have illustrated them with the earliest examples they could secure, giving Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon originals, but they have not always succeeded very well. Thus *Good in parts, like the Curate's egg*, is quoted from an example of 1926 in the *Times*. Subject to correction from Mr. A. P. Herbert, I believe that the joke appeared in *Punch* about fifty years ago. Similarly, *Home Rule, Rome Rule* is exemplified in 1911 from the *Spectator*, but it must surely date from Gladstone and Parnell. The worst omissions I have found (and I am not at all proud of the collection) are: *He who laughs last, laughs longest; As drunk as a Lord* (which is more intelligible than the obscure *As drunk as David's sow*); *That milk comes from the cow with the iron tail; Black but comely;* and *I shall go into the garden to eat worms.* The last is, of course, modern, but there is no doubt it has ceased to be a wise-crack and become a proverb. Personally I think some wise-cracks ought to be put in, such as: *As the girl said to the soldier*, and *We're not afraid of the big bad wolf.*

* * *

Swift wrote *Polite Conversation* to satirise the hack writers. "I have read most of the plays that have been published for twenty years past. . . . I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire. I am acquainted with Mr. Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis. . . . I cannot conceal the great assistance I have received from those illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell and Captain Stevens. . . . Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs . . . burst with envy." But his satire defeated itself. By salting the dialogue of clichés so full of proverbs he gave it extraordinary vivacity, and one reads through the hackneyed phrases of Mr. Neverout and Lady Answerall with excitement to see what is coming next. It contains very little that is out of date:

Ld. Sparkish: So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col.: Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horse.

Miss: Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish: Never fear him, Miss.

Miss: What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart: What have you to say to that, Colonel?

Neverout: Oh, my Lord, my friend the Colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss: Scornfull dogs will eat dirty puddens.

Thus it goes on and on, not perhaps in the language that Mr. Michael Arlen has taught Mayfair, but in exactly the words and manner that one can hear in the bar of any prosperous country hotel, or in any commercial boarding-house throughout England. This, mixed with catch-phrases from the films and a few wise-cracks from America or the music halls, makes up the soft *lingua franca* of our commercial travellers and advertising men, journalists and prize-fighters. It is difficult to say how far new proverbs are passing into the language, or to guess at what will stick from among the catch-phrases that become fashionable. It would be surprising if motor-cars, radios, aeroplanes, and film-studios should not provide them, and if we were to go on for ever talking of looking gift horses in the mouth, pigs in pokes, and letting cats out of bags. But real proverbs need anecdotes and a delight in anecdotes to set them going. So I tend to believe that most of our phrases will *live as long as old Rosse of Pottern, who lived till all the world was weary of him.* And many of us *will not change our old Mumpsimus for the new Sumpsimus*, though many maintain that *Newer is truer.* I recommend all young novelists to use this Dictionary.

DAVID GARNETT

GERMAN NAVAL POLICY

Great Britain and the German Navy. By E. L. WOODWARD *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Here is a piece of work, which needed doing, well done, in a scholarly manner and in a most readable style. Materials for pre-war diplomatic history abound; its problems, so near to us, are of general, and often even of topical, interest; the work on it is proceeding apace in other countries, especially in America, France, and Germany, where comprehensive works, numerous monographs, and reviews specially devoted to pre-war diplomatic history, are building up a literature bound to weigh on world opinion; whereas in this country serious historians working on the subject can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and though we do not require any apologias, our case should be stated. Mr. Woodward does it with scrupulous impartiality, and refrains, as far as possible, from pronouncing judgments; and yet, viewed as a whole, his book is a splendid vindication of British pre-war policy, a page in British history which was not heroic but honourable, not glorious but eminently sane.

For many years previous to 1898, Germany had practised on Great Britain a policy of petty extortion, driving hard bargains and transforming any minor incident into "a test case of British friendship." But once Germany had become engaged on a large programme of naval armaments, such behaviour could no longer be overlooked as the mere "exuberance of a people inclined to make great efforts to snatch small profits, and not specially gifted with tact or grace of expression." As the *Times* put it on November 8th, 1902:

> . . . the easy-going, indolent confidence into which we are too ready to lapse must be held out of place in dealing with a Power whose readiness to wound has been so clearly shown, and whose patient watchfulness to seize upon every advantage, great or small, will not be relaxed in return for any amount of complaisance on our part.

The Germans asserted, with abundant emphasis, that they had a perfect right to build as many warships as they chose—which no one ever felt inclined to question. Still, unless they agreed to limit their programme, we were forced to follow suit and build even faster: for Germany, the greatest military Power in the world, did not depend on her naval strength for her security and existence, while England would have been at the mercy of an opponent superior to her at sea. Such an armament race was bound to envenom Anglo-German relations, even had they been otherwise perfect—"it was necessary to justify every increase in naval expenditure by reference to Germany, and every reference to German plans and intentions produced angry criticism in the German press." Moreover, because the average Englishman was averse to spending money on armaments, he resented his country being driven into it by Germany.

Germany's aim was to reach a degree of strength which would enable her to dictate to Great Britain. The Emperor wrote at the beginning of the Boer War:

> I am not in a position to go beyond the strictest neutrality, and I must first get for myself a fleet. In twenty years' time, when the fleet is ready, I can use a different language.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs, compiled by William George Smith with a witty and learned introduction by Janet E. Heseltine (*Oxford*, 21s.), is a fascinating book. Reading it is rather like looking through a collection of mouldering butterflies, some of which are extinct, or else have become so rare that one never comes across them. Once they were living flowers that fluttered through the language; what is the use of collecting them now that they are dead? No one, except some very out-of-the-way hedger and ditcher, will ever say again quite naturally: *He that makes his mistress a goldfinch may find her a wagtail.* I have never heard anyone use that pretty pun on the name wagtail which is so common in Restoration literature. It has died out, and, ignorant of the subtleties of ornithology, the young men of to-day make no distinctions of species when they speak of *birds*. Many of the best proverbs were local in origin, and thus in their very nature ephemeral. Such is: *Like Morley's ducks, born without a notion.* This was the excuse made for their straying into his neighbour's gardens by one of the Morleys who kept a pub at Sneinton. Of the same kind is: *As lazy as Ludlam's dog that leant his head against a wall to bark.* On the other hand, one must not search for any particular frail beauty immortalised in the proverb: *As tender as Parnell, that broke her finger in a posset-curd.* Parnell was the name for a priest's concubine. Many extinct proverbs have nothing but historical interest now. For example, *Cambridgeshire camels* is meaningless. Since the fens have been drained there are no men on stilts. An otherwise forgotten incident of local Government is enshrined in

Congleton rare, Congleton rare
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear.

* * *

The best proverbs are no doubt the very ancient, translated from the classics and adopted into every language; they have proved their humdrum everyday value by surviving. It is difficult to feel very excited, however, about *building castles in the air, calling a spade a spade, drawing water in a sieve, being led by the nose*, or *holding a wolf by the ears*, though the latter would mean more if, like Rostov, one had seen the huntsman Danilo throw himself from his horse on top of the wolf and snatch it by the ears in the midst of the dogs. More within our everyday experience is the depressing English sport of *going rabbitting with a dead ferret*. The proverbs I like best are agricultural. English labourers love grotesque anecdotes, and a genuine story is remembered and repeated with embellishments until it emerges in such a form as: *As wise as Waltham's calf that ran nine miles to suck a bull and came home athirst.* There are also such masterpieces of rural wit as that: *Ware and Wade's mill are worth all London.* Wade's Mill is three miles from the town of Ware. Not everyone will share my bumpkin taste, for *Every man as he loveth quoth the good man when he kissed his cow.* Some that seem to be mysteries turn out to be puns. *My name is Twyford, I know nothing of the matter*, almost set me looking for such a character in a collection of old plays before the obvious dawned on me. A fanciful example is *He comes from Hog's Norton, where pigs play on the organ*, of a man that snores. And such are all the proverbs about wives in Bedfordshire, husbands in Buckinghamshire, or marrying in Shrewsbury, which afforded an outlet for the *spirituel* wit of our ancestors. There is naturally a good deal of brutality to be found in them. *It is no more pity to see a woman weep than to see a goose go barefoot*—not a pretty sentiment. There is, however, something magnificently ruthless in Oliver Cromwell's coarse: *Nits will be lice*, which, however, seems not to have been used to justify massacring children but to have been applied to the little men among his enemies in the army. Scottish proverbs are rather repellent. Compare the grim *Kail spares bread* with the amenity and civilisation of *Cabbage twice served is death*, which derives from the Greek.

This Dictionary seems to me to be admirable. There are phrases in it which are scarcely proverbs, but there is no reason to complain of that. The proverbs I could not find at first have usually revealed themselves in some older form. The compilers have illustrated them with the earliest examples they could secure, giving Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon originals, but they have not always succeeded very well. Thus *Good in parts, like the Curate's egg*, is quoted from an example of 1926 in the *Times*. Subject to correction from Mr. A. P. Herbert, I believe that the joke appeared in *Punch* about fifty years ago. Similarly, *Home Rule, Rome Rule* is exemplified in 1911 from the *Spectator*, but it must surely date from Gladstone and Parnell. The worst omissions I have found (and I am not at all proud of the collection) are: *He who laughs last, laughs longest; As drunk as a Lord* (which is more intelligible than the obscure *As drunk as David's sow*); *That milk comes from the cow with the iron tail; Black but comely;* and *I shall go into the garden to eat worms.* The last is, of course, modern, but there is no doubt it has ceased to be a wise-crack and become a proverb. Personally I think some wise-cracks ought to be put in, such as: *As the girl said to the soldier*, and *We're not afraid of the big bad wolf.*

* * *

Swift wrote *Polite Conversation* to satirise the hack writers. "I have read most of the plays that have been published for twenty years past. . . . I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire. I am acquainted with Mr. Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis. . . . I cannot conceal the great assistance I have received from those illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell and Captain Stevens. . . . Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs . . . burst with envy." But his satire defeated itself. By salting the dialogue of clichés so full of proverbs he gave it extraordinary vivacity, and one reads through the hackneyed phrases of Mr. Neverout and Lady Answerall with excitement to see what is coming next. It contains very little that is out of date:

Ld. Sparkish: So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col.: Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horse.

Miss: Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish: Never fear him, Miss.

Miss: What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart: What have you to say to that, Colonel?

Neverout: Oh, my Lord, my friend the Colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss: Scornfull dogs will eat dirty puddens.

Thus it goes on and on, not perhaps in the language that Mr. Michael Arlen has taught Mayfair, but in exactly the words and manner that one can hear in the bar of any prosperous country hotel, or in any commercial boarding-house throughout England. This, mixed with catch-phrases from the films and a few wise-cracks from America or the music halls, makes up the soft *lingua franca* of our commercial travellers and advertising men, journalists and prize-fighters. It is difficult to say how far new proverbs are passing into the language, or to guess at what will stick from among the catch-phrases that become fashionable. It would be surprising if motor-cars, radios, aeroplanes, and film-studios should not provide them, and if we were to go on for ever talking of looking gift horses in the mouth, pigs in pokes, and letting cats out of bags. But real proverbs need anecdotes and a delight in anecdotes to set them going. So I tend to believe that most of our phrases will *live as long as old Rosse of Pottern, who lived till all the world was weary of him.* And many of us *will not change our old Mumpsimus for the new Sumpsimus*, though many maintain that *Newer is truer*. I recommend all young novelists to use this Dictionary.

DAVID GARNETT

GERMAN NAVAL POLICY

Great Britain and the German Navy. By E. L. WOODWARD *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Here is a piece of work, which needed doing, well done, in a scholarly manner and in a most readable style. Materials for pre-war diplomatic history abound; its problems, so near to us, are of general, and often even of topical, interest; the work on it is proceeding apace in other countries, especially in America, France, and Germany, where comprehensive works, numerous monographs, and reviews specially devoted to pre-war diplomatic history, are building up a literature bound to weigh on world opinion; whereas in this country serious historians working on the subject can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and though we do not require any apologias, our case should be stated. Mr. Woodward does it with scrupulous impartiality, and refrains, as far as possible, from pronouncing judgments; and yet, viewed as a whole, his book is a splendid vindication of British pre-war policy, a page in British history which was not heroic but honourable, not glorious but eminently sane.

For many years previous to 1898, Germany had practised on Great Britain a policy of petty extortion, driving hard bargains and transforming any minor incident into "a test case of British friendship." But once Germany had become engaged on a large programme of naval armaments, such behaviour could no longer be overlooked as the mere "exuberance of a people inclined to make great efforts to snatch small profits, and not specially gifted with tact or grace of expression." As the *Times* put it on November 8th, 1902:

> . . . the easy-going, indolent confidence into which we are too ready to lapse must be held out of place in dealing with a Power whose readiness to wound has been so clearly shown, and whose patient watchfulness to seize upon every advantage, great or small, will not be relaxed in return for any amount of complaisance on our part.

The Germans asserted, with abundant emphasis, that they had a perfect right to build as many warships as they chose—which no one ever felt inclined to question. Still, unless they agreed to limit their programme, we were forced to follow suit and build even faster: for Germany, the greatest military Power in the world, did not depend on her naval strength for her security and existence, while England would have been at the mercy of an opponent superior to her at sea. Such an armament race was bound to envenom Anglo-German relations, even had they been otherwise perfect—"it was necessary to justify every increase in naval expenditure by reference to Germany, and every reference to German plans and intentions produced angry criticism in the German press." Moreover, because the average Englishman was averse to spending money on armaments, he resented his country being driven into it by Germany.

Germany's aim was to reach a degree of strength which would enable her to dictate to Great Britain. The Emperor wrote at the beginning of the Boer War:

> I am not in a position to go beyond the strictest neutrality, and I must first get for myself a fleet. In twenty years' time, when the fleet is ready, I can use a different language.

And a year later: "Our fleet must be built with our eyes on English policy." And this after the passing of the Navy Law of 1900, in a telegram of congratulation to the North German Lloyd Company: "Forward with the work. . . . Then we shall be able to dictate peace on sea as on land." And here are Bülow's instructions to the press after England's initial reverses in South Africa:

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In public, however, those responsible for German policy would declare, time after time, that the German navy was not directed against England, that it answered a moral and spiritual need of the German people, and merely served "the general purposes of its greatness" (which strikingly resembles some arguments used recently to explain German rearmament).

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A year later, when the German Ambassador explained the effect which the armaments race had in London, the Emperor wrote :

> If England will hold out her hand in friendship only on condition that we cut down the numbers of our ships, the suggestion should have been rejected *a limine* as a piece of measureless impertinence and a gross insult to the German people and their Emperor.

In fact, the rulers of Germany regarded—and still regard—" disarmament as an insult to human nature." (It certainly is to the German nature—for what can they do when they feel their intellectual inferiority, except call out loudly for " the German sword " or " the German fist " ?)

But if England was determined to maintain her superiority at sea, what purpose was served by Germany pursuing the costly and exasperating race in naval armaments ? In the first place, there was the famous " risk theory " : if the German fleet is sufficiently strong, England cannot venture to attack it, for her own fleet would be so much weakened in the process of destroying the German navy that it would be at the mercy of other naval Powers. Next, there was at times the hope of surreptitiously overtaking Great Britain by secret armaments (even this trick is not new). With us nothing can be done without Parliamentary sanction ; not so in Germany. And though secrecy could not be preserved with regard to the laying down of battleships, it could be with regard to the manufacture of the component parts, with a resultant acceleration in subsequent building ; moreover, the means of construction could be improved and developed. A deliberate attempt of this nature was made by the Germans about 1909 ; and the sorry shifts and subterfuges used by them when caught out did not add to the confidence of those responsible for British security. It is a remarkable fact that the activity in German dockyards had a tendency " to increase or decrease in an inverse ratio to that of Great Britain "—it varied with the chance, or hope, of catching Britain unawares.

None the less, British statesmen continued negotiations, reducing more and more their demands and expectations, and advancing, step by step, in their offers. The Germans ended by stipulating a high price for the mere consent not to add still further to their vastly inflated naval programmes—every British approach being considered either an insolence, or a sign of weakening and of imminent surrender.

Finally, when faced by the Triple Entente, which neither " shock-tactics " towards France nor blandishments held out to Russia could break, Germany made a close political understanding with Great Britain a condition for a limitation of naval armaments. Thus, besides considerable colonial cessions, the break-up of the Entente was to be her price in an absurdly one-sided bargain. Again Great Britain was prepared to meet Germany, though she insisted on preserving faith towards her friends : she offered a promise not to join in any combinations for attack or aggression against Germany. This the Germans declared wholly insufficient ; what they demanded was absolute and unconditional British neutrality, whether Germany was the aggressor or the attacked. They were to be able to fall upon France or Russia, or impose their hegemony on their weaker neighbours, or interfere in any part of the world, while England was to be precluded from offering any serious resistance. Sir Edward Grey replied : " I want a good understanding with Germany, but it must be one which will not imperil those we have with France and Russia." But what sense was there in a " good understanding " for the Germans unless it could be used against a third party ?

L. B. NAMIER

COVENTRY PATMORE

Portrait of My Family. By DEREK PATMORE. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

" Can that be love," demanded Blake, in one of those prophetic flashes which seem to anticipate the gospel according to D. H. Lawrence, " that drinks another as a sponge drinks water ? " Blake, it is true, was writing of the restrictive effects of feminine jealousy, as exemplified by Mrs. Blake who, unlike Oothoon, declined to catch for him " girls of mild silver, or of furious gold," then lie beside him on a bank " and view their wanton play " ; yet, as I read Mr. Derek Patmore's *Portrait of My Family*, these verses continually recurred to my mind. For Mr. Patmore's chief subject is Coventry Patmore, his great-grandfather, the arch-apostle of Victorian married bliss. And Coventry Patmore appears to illustrate in their purest and, at times, in their most obnoxious form all the ideas that we associate with the Victorian conception of married life—ideas that, many years before the accession of Queen Victoria, Blake had already begun to combat.

It would be superfluous to draw a comparison between Blake and Coventry Patmore, were not the gulf that separates them only less significant than the gulf that separates Patmore from the present day. In writing a study of his celebrated ancestor, Mr. Patmore, with a simplicity that one cannot help suspecting, now and then, of being slightly disingenuous, has refrained from any attempt at overt criticism ; and the reader is left to form his own opinion of the Victorian poet who taught that uxoriousness was next to godliness, married three wives, begat a large family of children—some of whom adored, some of whom detested, their masterful father—and descended towards the grave, still singing of love and discanting upon the almost mystic qualities that attend the impassioned union of male and female.

No, Mr. Patmore has been scarcely fair. From the dust-cover, we glean the remark of " the author's grandmother " that " all the Patmores are street angels and house devils " ; but though we guess that the stately façade of Coventry Patmore's family life may have hidden a good deal of quiet tyranny and pious bullying, Mr. Patmore refuses to admit a doubt and prefers to present us with a picture of Patmore beautifully married, ideally happy, the grand old patriarch who wedded his daughter's pretty young school friend at the age of sixty, then launched out into a violent but platonic infatuation for the charming personality and literary gifts of Mrs. Alice Meynell. Only once does Mr. Patmore allow himself a definite stricture. Discussing a letter written by the poet to his second son Tennyson, a boy at Christ's Hospital, he observes that it is an indication of " how little the mid-Victorians understood children." Mrs. Patmore—the boy's mother—lay on her death-bed ; and her husband proceeds to drive a lecture home with references to the mother's desperate state, reminding the child that " you must know that you have been disappointing us a good deal lately, and that it has not been without many a heart-ache that I and your Mama have seen your chance of being a Grecian growing less and less. . . . Remember, my dear little boy (continues Paterfamilias) that you are not likely to have your poor Mama long. Although she does not look very ill, she is really much worse than she was a year ago, and she is *sure* not to live very long. So you should make the best of the time you have left to please her. It will be very unhappy, when she is gone, to think that you might have made her happier and did not do so." Even worse is the paragraph that follows. . . . After this, it is not surprising to learn that his eldest son, Milnes, grew up to dislike his father, or that Coventry Patmore professed to be much surprised and shocked by a lack of affection and consideration that he felt he had done nothing to deserve. Victorian standards are not our standards ; but bullying, so flagrant and insidious, is bullying at any time ; and if there is one main impression that emerges from Mr. Derek Patmore's tantalising but extremely interesting book it is that of a benevolent egotist who demanded love as his right, who drank up others " as a sponge drinks water," who disguised his absorbing thirst for moral power under the mask of conjugal tenderness and family feeling.

It was Patmore's desire to publicise the perfection of his first and happiest marriage ; but it is illuminating to note that, even here, in one of his most celebrated early poems, *Departure*, he seems to adopt an attitude of refined and affectionate bullying towards the dead :

> But all at once to leave me at the last,
> More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
> With huddled unintelligible phrase,
> And frighten'd eye,
> And go your journey of all days
> With not one kiss, or a good-bye,
> And the only loveless look with which you pass'd :
> It was not like your great and gracious ways.

Put *Departure* beside Bishop King's superb *Exequy* ; and not only the thinness of the versification, but the sublime egotism of Patmore's complaint—that his wife had presumed to die, hurriedly, painfully, without the expected and touching farewells—becomes more than ever obvious. It is the kind of grief that fails to arouse sympathy, because it has its roots in no profound or impersonal stratum of feeling, but slips out smooth, fluent and exuberant like Patmore's verse. " I protest (as Curran remarked, on another and more notorious occasion) I do not understand this kind of whimpering ; here is a man who first weeps over his wife, and then wipes his eyes with the public."

Luckily, Coventry Patmore had the Victorian sensibility, but a more than Victorian staunchness which forbade him to remain

very long unconsoled. He set off for Italy, visiting Paris *en route*, where he was "disgusted" by the canvases of Rubens and disagreeably impressed by the "grinning women" of Leonardo, and in Rome met a middle-aged Catholic lady, Miss Marianne Byles, to whom he was married, after his conversion to Catholicism, in 1864. Miss Byles brought the poet a comfortable fortune; and Patmore purchased himself a country estate, rebuilt the house in the Gothic style, remodelled the gardens and settled down to country life in Sussex, at Heron's Ghyll—a patriarchal establishment in which "the life of the whole community revolved round the wishes of the great man. . . ."

Mr. Patmore, who begins his narrative with some additional information as to the eighteenth and early nineteenth century background of the Patmore family, continues it to the poet's death, an old and very tired man, disappointed in his last love affair, during the year 1896. The book includes vivid supplementary portraits of his favourite daughter, Emily Honoria, who died as a nun in an odour of Catholic sanctity, haunted towards the end of her life "by a conviction that she had loved her father too much," and of Henry Patmore, his youngest son by his first marriage, who also died young and whose verses were praised by no less a critic than Gerard Manley Hopkins. . . . In attempting to review *Portrait of My Family* I have done little more than touch on certain aspects of Patmore's temperament—and of the Victorian temperament in general—as they affect the prejudices of a modern observer. But I have said enough, I hope, to suggest that *Portrait of My Family* is a book well worth reading. For though it is not the perfect biography of its subject, Mr. Derek Patmore has done useful work that may enable such a book to be written at a later period. Meanwhile, we have his fragmentary but provocative sketch of a talented, fascinating, extremely puzzling and, at times, exceedingly disagreeable man. P. Q.

CRIME FOR CHRISTMAS

The Garden Murder Case. By S. S. VAN DINE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Scandal at School. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Milk Churn Murder. By MILES BURTON. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Stolen Boat Train. By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Death on Deposit. By FRANCIS D. GRIERSON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

Murder in College. By J. Y. DANE. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.

Skeletons in the Cupboard. By KEITH FOWLER. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Danger at Cliff House. By CECIL FREEMAN GREGG. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Beauty Vanishes. By DOROTHEA BRANDE. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.

The Cases of Susan Dare. By MIGNON G. EBERHART. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

The new Philo Vance story suffers by comparison with many of its predecessors. I do not think *The Garden Murder Case* will gain Mr. Van Dine new admirers, although it may very well not lose him any of his old brigade. It is disappointing to have to say this, as I had been counting on Mr. Van Dine to provide detective readers with a merry Christmas. But, presumably, as *The Purple Murder Case* will not be forthcoming for the usual six months or so, we must take this—and like it. So to begin with the book's merits: Mr. Van Dine's work is always cast in a classical mould; he never relaxes his grip on the detective unities, a single criminal, a single motive and a singular solution. In *The Garden Murder Case* the crime is committed in one of those New York penthouses which seem to have been built to the plans of intending murderers. The victim is one of a betting set, who are listening in to the broadcast of a race in which all are financially interested: and naturally he meets his fate during the broadcast. The technical background, which always bulks large in Mr. Van Dine's cases, will have little appeal for English readers, seeing it consists of American horse-racing jargon, which may be genuine or spurious for all I know. There are two complaints to be lodged against the book. The first is technical, and therefore very unusual in a Van Dine; the criminal is highly conspicuous from the very outset. Anyone who likes spotting the villain as they go along will find this one almost too easy. The second objection is aesthetic; that admirable mental automaton, Philo

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Vance, is credited with an emotion. Until I saw *The Dragon Murder Case* on the films I never realised what an absolute neuter that man was bound to be for the purposes of Mr. Van Dine's plots. The only human features an actor could evolve out of him were dropping his 'g's and smoking *Régie* cigarettes; otherwise he had to play the difficult rôle of a superhuman needle of intelligence. The consequence is that I can't even remember who acted the part. Naturally, therefore, one asks oneself what on earth has come over old Philo in *The Garden Murder Case*—can it be Love? Oh, no, it is only a new idea of Mr. Van Dine's to round off his story elegantly, and a shocking one, as in fact it ruins the plot by indecent exposure.

The Coles must not be judged by the same standard as Mr. Van Dine, as they set out to entertain and mystify us in a very different way. They definitely belong to the romantic school of detective writers, in which character drawing is of more importance than the structure of the crime. *Scandal at School* provides their talents with the best of settings—a modern crank school, in which no crime is likely to come amiss and where strange and improbable characters congregate even in real life. Mr. and Mrs. Cole have sponsored several detectives in their time, particularly Superintendent Wilson, with whom I am not on very good terms, so it was a pleasure and a relief to find the present job assigned to Mr. Blatchington for solution. A child is found dead in the school sanatorium one morning, and Mr. Blatchington soon discovers plenty of motives in the school for a little thing like an overdose of dial. So many motives, indeed, there are, and so many opportunities for administering it, that you will soon realise there is no hope of deducing the criminal; you must frankly guess—the odds being about seven to one against you, unless you have made a careful study of form in Mr. and Mrs. Cole's previous criminals, when you might reduce the odds to evens. It is some years since I have enjoyed a book by Mr. and Mrs. Cole as much as I did *Scandal at School*.

The Milk Churn Murder starts with a conundrum and ends with a chase. How did a milk churn on a remote farm in Somerset come to contain not only a dismembered corpse in pickle minus the head, but a variety of objects which appeared to provide clues to the murderer? An old acquaintance of ours, Desmond Merrion, solves the riddle, and Inspector Arnold then has a fine chase to get his man. Mr. Burton produces very workmanlike plots, but he is very sparing with the condiments that make detective stories appetising as well as nourishing.

The Stolen Boat Train is a pure thriller. During the next General Strike in 1936 the Victoria–Dover boat-train simply disappears en route, and I don't mind telling you that the enemies of our country are at their usual work—and for once I think the result was well worth their trouble. *Death on Deposit* sends Professor Wells off on a tedious, well-padded case, which is only redeemed by a sparkle at the finish. *Murder in College* is so tough and American that I could not masticate it. Mixing drinks, sex and rough stuff to muddy the waters round murder is not good enough to get away with in this country. *Skeletons in the Cupboard* tries to be equally tough about a gang of racketeers in New York, but they seem a lifeless lot and hardly worth beating up.

I have long given up counting the number of times Inspector Higgins has been knocked out by the criminal class in spite of his burliness. *Danger at Cliff House* floors him again once or twice, but what does it matter? If someone did not hit him he would never know whom to arrest. Mr. Gregg's stories are like strings of macaroni, absolutely homogeneous in texture, apparently interminable, mild to the tongue, and yet a staple article of diet in some quarter of the globe, judging by the amount that goes into consumption.

Miss Brande's book is claimed by the publishers to combine the naturalness of a straight novel with the suspense of a detective story. Like most of such claims, it is excessive. The atmosphere of *Beauty Vanishes* is unnatural and exaggerated. In an Italian villa three artists are commissioned to paint the portrait of a millionaire's wife, but before they can do so a crime is committed. The element of suspense is only attained by the amateurish device of giving the artists uneasy feelings. But there are touches of psychological insight which make it impossible to condemn the book out of hand. Miss Brande will certainly write better with practice. *The Cases of Susan Dare* is a collection of Mrs. Eberhart's magazine stories.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

We don't pretend

to have all the books, but, like the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week, we've made our selection and we'd like you to come and see if it agrees with yours. Of course, if it doesn't we know that the customer is always right and we'll get you anything you like, even against our better judgment. We'd rather like to show you our own suggestion for Christmas—two translations from the Russian specially done for us by Ivor Montagu and S. S. Nolbandov. One is Isaac Babel's *Benia Krik* (2s. 6d.), a film novel—the scenario of the film, in fact—and the other is Leonov's *Tuatamur* (1s. 6d.), a stirring account of the first invasion of Russia by the Mongol hordes in the days of Genghis Khan. Both of them are distinctly unusual and they should please the Soviet fan, the film fan and the man who likes a spot of blood and thunder. Incidentally, here is a chance to give your friends a well-produced limited edition at the price of a cheap reprint or a calendar.

But if you don't care to back your fancy—or ours—how about telling your friends to come along and choose for themselves? We are issuing Collet's credit notes so that you can say, "What's your's, old man, a *Handbook of Marxism* or a *Poet's Tongue*, Low's *Madde Designer* or the *Mulliner Omnibus*?"

We don't believe in Santa Claus and we haven't got a circus or a fairy grotto at Charing Cross Road, but we have got one or two sideshows: for instance, there's a letter from Sholokhov to his English readers, throwing fresh light on *Virgin Soil* and the *Don*, and a copy of *The Voyage of the Chelyuskin*, signed by Professor Otto Schmidt, the gallant leader of the expedition. We're open to offers for this, by the way; the highest bid before Christmas wins, and the money will go to the relief fund for refugee children in Paris.

Of course, if you don't accept our pressing invitation we can send you our latest list—just out.

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KEEPING THE FAITH

Values and Reality: A Preface to Sane Living. By LEO RICHARD WARD, C.S.C. *Sheed and Ward.* 7s. 6d.

The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations. By JOHN EPPSTEIN. *Burns, Oates and Washbourne.* 15s.

Lord Lovat, 1871-1933. By The RT. HON. SIR FRANCIS LINDLEY. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Not one person in a million in this country is likely to read through all these three books; not one in a hundred thousand will read through any two of them. Probably only the third will be read by more than a few hundred persons, and not so many will admit the second to be readable at all. The learned compiler himself would hardly claim for it a place in literature, though to be sure it is not quite so tightly packed with foreign matter as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, whose place in the library is unchallenged.

Now I do not pretend to have completely exhausted the treasures of any one of the three, but I have bitten deeply into them all with great interest and some edification. Particularly it has pleased me to go from one to the other and back again, pursuing a train of thought that could be tunnelled through all, the thought of where the Catholic Faith (in which I was brought up) stands in the twentieth century, and what its practice truly means. The first of these books treats by implication of the private life of man as a Catholic should lead it (without hustle or impudence, if I understand the author); the second authoritatively summarises the public attitude of the Catholic Church regarding Peace and War; and the third tells us in the language of an admiring friend how a prominent Catholic nobleman of North Britain, well regarded by both Pope of Rome and English King, actually lived and died.

Father Ward's book, though properly Catholic in vision, is, unfortunately for me, addressed too exclusively to an American audience, or at all events with reference to American conditions and American philosophers little known in Europe. He scores an easy victory over some of these philosophers by merely quoting their "wisecracks," but some of his own superficially plain statements convey to me no idea whatever. Thus on page 4: "It came on us quickly and we hardly know what to work for in education, except that we have felt in a kind of sub-human way that the one thing

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is to raise the I.Q." I wonder what Colet or Erasmus would say to an educationist so expressing himself. There seems to be no mention of either of them, or any writer or protagonist of the Renaissance, Reformation or counter-Reformation, except where it is justly pointed out that, however humane the intentions of Luther and Calvin, they did, in fact, become the patron saints of Inhumanity as the religion of Capitalism. The only modernity interesting to Father Ward is ultra-modernity; but he shakes from his feet the dust of the way to better things pointed by Wells or Bertrand Russell (to whom he applies the term "slithery") and takes the road rolling round about back to Aquinas by way of Chesterton.

Strange, too, is it to find so little notice of Erasmus in Mr. Eppstein's sound compendium, which is issued with the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster, under the auspices of the Catholic Council for International Relations, at the cost of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Never was there an Internationalist or Peacemaker more eager and eloquent than Desiderius of Rotterdam, yet we are only told "A generation before Suarez, Erasmus, who had so great a regard for Vittoria and his teaching, had written his bitter and poignant 'Complaint of Peace' in which he summoned Leo X and the Church to be busy in peacemaking and condemned the wars of Julius II—that awful oxymoron, a fighting pope."

Small doubt can be left in the mind of the reader of Father Ward and Mr. Eppstein that the teaching of the Catholic Church is all for sobriety, gentleness and peace on earth. It is a little odd to find this teaching exemplified by a Catholic nobleman, entirely honourable in the worldly sense and much loved by his friends, and, according to his biographer, by his tenants, who spent his days in gambling, the destruction of animals for his pleasure and in war, not exclusively of a defensive nature, into which he induced his tenants to follow him—a war which seemed even more monstrously unjustifiable to the world of 1900 than the Abyssinian campaign appears now. I blush to confess that I read this life of Lord Lovat, and more particularly his frank if not always wise letters, with great pleasure. And I was touched by his end, consoled by his son's victory in a steeplechase. Now I do not doubt that he is in Heaven, happy discussing the trajectory of the hackbut-bullet with Ignatius, or laying the odds in some celestial arena with Augustine; but what common topic he may find with Jerome I cannot imagine unless it be the commination of usury. Within my limited reading the true faith of Englishmen is nowhere better expressed than in the Poet Laureate's lyric:

"To-morrow by the living God
We'll try the game again."

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MISS SAVAGE

Letters Between Samuel Butler and Miss E. M. A. Savage, 1871–1885. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Some of Butler's friends were so remarkably like Butler that, viewed from a distance, they seem to be characters in the same novel. It is a world as enclosed as Jane Austen's and even more deceptively prim. The rather dowdy figures—each bearing the plainest of surnames—live alone in quiet lodgings, meet at tea-time or for a chat after dinner; notes and kettle holders are exchanged; a little music?—it must be Handel, of course; and then there are visits to the Royal Academy, sessions in the British Museum, weekly trips down the river or into the country. Each interior has its cat, its patience cards in a drawer. On Sunday morning Jones (or is it Butler?) goes off demurely to church, looking for a text. Butler (or is it Jones?) walks up behind the librarian in the Reading Room and whispers some greeting which afterwards will pop in the official ear like a paper-bag. And this atmosphere extends to landladies, to dairy-shops, to the policeman at the corner, the Channel steamer, the Alps at Mendisio.

Miss Savage was the only woman admitted to the Butler game—the art, roughly, when one is a cat, of masquerading as a dog. After an obscure apprenticeship as "a most unusual governess" in a clergyman's family near Canterbury she met Butler at Thomas Heatherley's School of Art in 1867, and as usual with Butler the acquaintance began slowly. For several years, in fact, she "never missed an opportunity" of snubbing him. But one day—a very hot day—in Berners Street she saw Butler on the shady side eating cherries out of a basket.

> Like your Italian friends you were perfectly silent with content, and you handed the basket to me as I was passing, without saying a word. I pulled out a handful, and went on my way rejoicing without saying a word either. I had not before perceived you to be different from anybody else.

For some months they did not meet again, but Miss Savage remembered the cherries, and from that time "took" (as Butler records) "to liking me." She was then about thirty-two, one year older than he.

The correspondence does not begin until several years later (Butler destroyed the earlier letters), when they were on affectionate though not intimate terms, and she was already approaching the middle-age of which Butler has left us a portrait. "Plain and lame and fat and short, forty and over-kind." He assumed she was in love with him: the letters do not prove it. They portray, wittily and charmingly, the humdrum life of a lady who was an adept at Butler's kind of fun, for whom certainly the contact with Butler was the most important thing in life. The interchange by post is delightful.

> *Miss Savage.* . . . Are you not glad that Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were married to one another, and not to other people?
>
> *Butler.* Where is that duet? It never came—neither with your note nor with my MS. and Jones and I are pining for it. Yes, it was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four, besides being very amusing. My cat has disappeared. He has disappeared before now but rarely for so long, and I am getting anxious about him. . . .

The Museum Reading Room attracted both:

> *Butler.* I am working at my book again regularly, and go to the Brit. Mus. Reading-room every Monday, Wed. and Friday from ten till one. I like it immensely, and wonder why I never went before. I sit at letter B (B for Butler) or if I cannot get there at letter C.
>
> *Miss Savage.* I am glad you like the Museum, I always told you it was delightful; I shall begin to go there again next week because it is open till 6 o'clock. I never hardly go till the afternoon, so as you go away early I shall get you to leave your place for me—only you must sit at letter G. I am miserable anywhere else—and facing the South-west. I chose letter G when I first went to the Museum, because it was at an equal distance from Miss Karstens and Miss Andrews, and the furthest pole apart from Miss Pearson. Miss Pearson is going to nurse the wounded Russians. She went to nurse

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the wounded Servians. . . . You can leave an old hat on the desk. No—an old hat won't do. I should accumulate old hats. Well, I must think of something else.

She enjoyed sallying out to church with her stick, "sole palfrey now," to *soirées* of the Positivists or the Socratic society, for the sake of seeing the dresses and bringing back a joke. As the secretary of a women's club in Berners Street she moved among enemies delightedly, passing on copies of *The Fair Haven* to the devout, setting light to small snobberies and stupidities. She was kind, and over-kind, with friends. Butler had to stop her from knitting him socks. No doubt she would have married him if he had wanted, but with admirable sense she was content to play the part of a female Jones; for his earlier books at any rate Butler owed a great deal to her prodding and her invariably sensible criticism. Whatever her disappointment, she knew the value of Butler's doctrine of compromise.

Her memory haunted Butler for years. The three sonnets which have survived as her epitaph—Butler's revenge on his own lack of sensitiveness—were not written till 1901, when he was editing the present volume of letters. Some of this remorse may seem unnecessary; he couldn't bring himself to marry her, and she would probably have been the first to acknowledge that, for all her sympathy and intelligence, she was no Muse.

G. W. STONIER

IT'S GOT HERE AT LAST!

A Short Survey of Surrealism. By DAVID GASCOYNE. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.

This is one of the prettiest books of the year. For once a firm has shown what a gay, clean, lively thing can be produced for seven and sixpence. Instead of ruining the book by making the author write another thirty thousand words (for brevity is now the unforgivable sin) the publisher has simply doubled the size of the print.

I am not a surrealist myself; I think surrealism ends in tears; and dreams, my own and other people's, bore me. But I think it is almost the only stimulating aesthetic creed open to the young. It is essentially romantic, egocentric, and satirical; the youth who aspires after its cloudy trophies enters a world of the imagination where his personality is immediately made welcome, where every inanimate object, from the furniture in his room to the names of the streets and the top hats on the public statues, lines up for and against him. He is the new Mickey of *Mickey's Garden* and *Mickey's Fire Brigade*, or he is watching that terrible fight between the scissors and the safety pin. And dreaming is all-important, man's cheapest, most selfish, most inevitable pleasure. In fact he feels the distinction which, a hundred years ago, the Byronic young man derived from the enormous conflicts in his heart between angels and devils, or which fifty years ago came from considering oneself a dispossessed, a tenebrous and inconsolable widower. And, as well, there is the pugnacious side of the movement. You sign manifestos and send indecent postcards to people you don't like, tease writers, frighten parents, attend meetings, expel heretics (and there are always plenty), play practical jokes, table-turn, and generally tweak the tail of that old circus lion, the British Bourgeoisie. And behind you is the solidarity of an organisation instead of the lonely evenings in the ivory tower. You fraternise with young people in other countries and enjoy a movement headed by artists of great talent, Breton and Éluard as writers, Bunnel and Man Ray in the cinema. Ernst, Dali, Chirico, and Picasso in painting-artists, moreover, who are refreshingly misunderstood. Yes, if I was Mr. Gascoyne's age I would plunge into it, instead of feeling uneasy about a movement now twelve years old and which comes to capture England (there is going to be a big exhibition in the spring) in a manner suspiciously like the way in which D. H. Lawrence and Katharine Mansfield are capturing France.

But as a phase it is a good phase. The tyranny of the subconscious seems to me in the long run intolerable, but what an antidote is the cult of Blake and Baudelaire, of Rimbaud, Sade, and Lewis Carroll to a mass production of baby Aldous Huxleys, or to the *Shropshire Lad* and *The Golden Journey to Samarcand*, the usual pabulum of youth's preceptors. We are most of us born with a hatred of stupidity, injustice, and stagnation, and most of us fritter that hatred away. Surrealism, like socialism and communism, helps to conserve it, while allowing the artist purer self-expression than the other two. Communists will not like this book because dialectical materialists do not like Freudians, however closely their political aims coincide; and intellectuals will not like it either, for much of surrealist literature is fatuous and pretentious nonsense, but all the same it is a lucid, readable, and efficient story of the movement, from its origins through the delightful farce of Dada to the "application of psychological research to the domain of writing and painting," and the political consequences of it at the present day. The illustrations are well-chosen, the translations excellent, the subject has been scarcely touched upon in English, and the book should prove a pleasure to all who enjoy provocative reading or the sending of Christmas presents which may explode at breakfast.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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JANE ADDAMS OF CHICAGO

Jane Addams. By JAMES WEBER LINN. *Appleton-Century.* 15s.

Not a few of those who have read the two volumes of reminiscence by Jane Addams—*Twenty Years at Hull House* and its sequel—may have been led to think that the life of America's most eminent woman had already been adequately told. Professor Linn's book, however, is its own best proof that an authorised biography was needed. Jane Addams was the head for forty-five years of the pioneer social settlement in North America, and during the larger part of that time she held a unique position among the leaders of the United States. No American of the age, man or woman, can have been so closely and variously identified with the vital forces of the Republic. Her career, her causes and personality, therefore, make a subject of quite exceptional interest. They are admirably presented here: and Professor Linn may be specially commended because, while having had an immense mass of material to handle, he has kept the record within the compass of a manageable volume, and has avoided the mistake of delay. Miss Addams died in May, 1935.

She was a daughter of the Middle Border, having been born seventy-five years ago in Northern Illinois. In 1889, after two long visits to Europe, which included a stay in East London when Toynbee Hall was young, she acquired Hull House and began her assault upon the terrifying evils of Chicago's West Side. Her settlement stood in the midst of a vast slum area, inhabited by

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immigrant workers of many European nationalities. Jane Addams set to work first among the women and children, and then, quietly and rapidly in a fashion characteristic of herself to the end, she mastered the facts of the city and established relations with almost every political group and social agency. Before Hull House had been in existence ten years its head was recognised as the first citizen of Chicago, and her influence was spreading over the continent.

She was, says Mr. Linn, the first adventurer in the unexplored country of social amelioration in America. Her strength lay in a combination of intelligence and understanding and social insight, coupled with an invincible temper and a patience that never gave out. She was the founder and life-president of the Women's International League for peace and freedom. After a long period of suspicion and detraction, explicable only by reference to the ruthless passions engendered by war and property, Jane Addams was allowed a peaceful evening of life, marked by the award of the Nobel peace prize, and by many national honours. She bore it all with her native modesty and humour. A very simple person, most of the time not by any means sure she was right—this was the description she gave of herself, and to the end she insisted that the Jane Addams whom in her old age America united to praise was a myth and not an actual person. Proof to the contrary, however, is provided in this book, and in the extraordinary affection and confidence accorded to her by her neighbours and by the world-wide company of her friends.

SHORTER NOTICES

Life Among the Lapps. By SVEN HAGLUND. *Denis Archer.* 12s. 6d.

A party of friends gathered in a Stockholm restaurant to enjoy a typical Lapp meal, a knowledgeable discussion of the Lapp people, and a rash promise to visit them, given without thought by Mr. Haglund; and the happy result is this delightful book in which he tells us how that promise was redeemed and how for many months he lived *en famille* with this most primitive of European peoples, sharing with them the harsh rigours and simple pleasures of their everyday existence. The story of these months, in which Mr. Haglund came to know and understand and sympathise with his new friends, is told so intimately and so entertainingly that the reader is made to share in every incident and every confidence. The numerous photographs that Mr. Haglund was able to secure add greatly to the charm of a book which is throughout excellent in its kind.

Life of the Shore and Shallow Sea. By DOUGLAS P. WILSON. *Nicholson and Watson.* 12s. 6d.

This is the ideal present for an intelligent schoolboy with an interest in biology, especially if he lives near the sea. Not that it is addressed specially to the young, but grown-ups usually lose their curiosity about the subject of this book, when they cease to trail clouds of glory. The illustrations, however, of which there are 150, particularly well reproduced, are so strange and beautiful that a normally incurious person might be tempted to look at the text. And the text is packed with fascinating information, conveyed in a clear and reasonable style. The animals and plants to be found on the English shore are described so that they can be identified, their curious habits explained, and their relation to their environment made clear. This is a book which might produce a vocation, and cannot be too highly recommended.

The Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkov. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.

Dr. Hyde's story of Princess Dashkov, the friend and confidant of Catherine the Great, gives us a most engaging portrait of that gallant, talented and high-spirited lady, who throughout her life spoke her mind—unusually powerful and well-informed—freely and fearlessly. Macartney, the English Minister, said of her that she was "a woman of uncommon strength of character, bold beyond the most manly courage." Diderot knew her and thought highly of her intellect and character; Voltaire enjoyed her company; she impressed Walpole; she was an enlightened patron of learning, a hater of tyranny, a Russian through and through who believed in the genius of her people, a blue-stocking who retained all the charms of her sex, a great lady who was always a gentleman. This was the woman whom Dr. Hyde has re-created for us, from her memoirs, from her letters and from the comments of her friends and her enemies. Incidentally, her story is that of Russia from the death of the Empress Elizabeth to the accession of Alexander I, for even in disgrace or in exile the Princess kept in touch with that world in which she had once played so formidable a part.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

A VERY mixed bag this month—or perhaps I should say a bran pie, since Christmas is so definitely in view. And so, bearing that in mind, I shall start with the most succulent work on my list, which happens also to be the recording triumph of the month. This is Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (H.M.V. DB2540–2). Too frequent performance has somewhat dulled the edge of this exquisite masterpiece, and it needed a performance like this to impress one anew with its wonderful freshness. Like *Alice in Wonderland*, this is music for both children and adults, for it has two distinct flavours—the Christmas-stocking one of the Sugar-Plum Fairy, and the much more sophisticated and mysterious one of the lovely Danse Arabe. Don't miss these records. Continuing on the seasonable note, I thoroughly recommend a most welcome re-recording of an old favourite—Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*—played by its most famous interpreter, Fritz Kreisler, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald (H.M.V. DB2460–2). It is impossible to imagine a better performance or recording; both the orchestra and soloist could obviously perform the work in their sleep, yet they give no impression of staleness or lack of vitality. Still another old favourite, Kreisler's own *Caprice Viennois* and *Tambourin Chinois*, receives an excellent rendering by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2352). I suspect that this will be a very good seller indeed; it is admirable teatime music, far better than Massenet's *Scènes Pittoresques*, and the strings here give full value to those consecutive thirds which mean Vienna to so many who have never been to that lovely but muddle-headed city. Turning to slightly, but not very much, sterner stuff, there is a great deal to be said for Sir Hamilton Harty's version of a Handel *Suite*, performed by himself and the London Symphony Orchestra (Decca K795–6). This is less hearty and more intimate than the *Royal Fireworks Suite;* but it is still holiday music, of perfect limpidity, and the Arietta is particularly beautiful. The same orchestra and conductor continue, with the *King Lear Overture* (Decca K792–3), to work their determined way through the overtures of Berlioz. When they have finished (and, unless I mistake, they have only *Les Francs Juges* and *Waverley* in front of them), they will have deserved the gratitude of the

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entire musical world, for these overtures are unique in musical literature, as well as being of the greatest intrinsic beauty and curiosity. *King Lear* is not, however, one of the best. It is always peculiar and interesting to listen to, in Berlioz's manner; but why call this tender, capricious music, these merry, skipping rhythms, "King Lear"? This could not conceivably be performed as an overture to the drama as, for instance, Beethoven's *Coriolan* might be so performed. But probably this criticism is captious, and the records are certainly worth acquiring. Perhaps the most interesting recording of the month is that of Sibelius's *Second Symphony*, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (H.M.V. DB2599–03 and DBS2604). This magnificently dramatic and heroic work here receives a remarkably fine performance, full of astonishing sonorities and carefully wrought detail. The conductor takes the first movement rather slower than Kajanus, the accredited interpreter; and again in the trio of the Scherzo, he takes the much disputed passage of repeated notes without rubato—wrongly, I feel, since the nostalgic genius of the instrument used (the oboe) seems to demand a certain individual licence. Though one may feel that the first movement is performed in rather a disjointed manner, there is no doubt about the ghostly slow movement, with its tragic and rather sinister sadness; and in the last, Koussevitzky builds up a magnificent climax. On the whole, then, a fine set. I am in two minds about Prokofieff's *Violin Concerto*, played by Szigeti and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Col. LX433–5), but not about the rendering, which is masterly in its intricate delicacy. It is a strangely inconclusive work, now poignantly beautiful, in its elusive way (listen to the exquisite opening and the main theme of the third movement!), now pointlessly angular and ugly. The end of the first movement provides an interesting experiment in tenuous sonority; the second is curious and rather brutally ugly, in the fashion of 1922; and the third is much the most melodically appealing. But the composer fails to make the most of his material, and although the whole possesses indubitable charm and may improve on acquaintance, it makes an impression of being affected and in a bad sense "miniature." On the other hand, those with an interest in contemporary music cannot afford to let these records pass.

The only chamber music recording of any importance this month is that of Brahms' *String Sextet in B flat*, played by the Pro Arte Quartet with Alfred Hobday (second viola) and Anthony Pini (second cello) (H.M.V. DB2566–9). I am tired of praising this particular ensemble in these columns, so content myself with saying that they give a perfect account of themselves, performing the fine Variations with just the right pedestrian accent. The work is not the very best Brahms, but it is a good deal less stodgy than most of the work of the Dortmund period, before the composer's Teutonism had been leavened by the atmosphere of Vienna.

There are four outstanding vocal records, first of which I should mention Caruso singing Puccini and Bizet ("Recondita Armonia" from *Tosca* and an *Agnus Dei* set to the Adagietto of the Arlésienne Suite—H.M.V. DB2644). This is, of course, a reconstructed jewel, and the voice sounds just a little distant—as is perhaps fitting; but on the whole the result is astonishingly successful. Beniamino Gigli is the Caruso of his day, with a voice whose quality is extraordinarily like that famous tenor's, and I much enjoyed his singing of the "Flower Song" from *Carmen*, and of "O del mio dolce Ardor" from Gluck's *Paride ed Elena*, though the latter is rather a stiff aria. No one except Wagner ever wrote anything more successful, in the erotic line, than the end of the Flower Song, and Gigli gives it its full value. Of the same order of beauty is Margherita Perras's singing of an *Ave Maria* and *Requiem Aeternam* (from the Requiem) by Verdi (H.M.V. C2794). The rendering of both is excellent and the record is cheap at the price. That admirable tenor, Georges Thill, gives a thrilling performance of the "Prize Song" from Wagner's *Mastersingers* and (assisted by Germaine Martinelli) of the duet from Act II of the same opera (Col. LX424). Though still rather shrill, this record is a distinct improvement on the same singer's recent record from Berlioz's *Les Troyens*.

Coming to Dance Records, I would point out first *The Vallee Medley*, by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees (H.M.V. C2802)—an excellent review of the work of this famous and ultimately most pleasant of all jazz singers. The record contains all his best known songs and will appeal especially to those who wish to have "roses in December" by harking back occasionally to the late nineteen-twenties. *The Lady in Red*, played by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra (H.M.V. BD297) is a good rumba, excellent in rhythm, mediocre in tune, amusingly eccentric in the percussion department. I liked even better *Ave Sin Rumbo*, beautifully played and sung by Geraldo and his Gaucho Tango Orchestra (Decca F5756). The obverse has the Mazurka from the film "Anna Karenina," which made me feel that there might be something to be said for reviving the Mazurka in the ballroom, as an alternative to merely shuffling round and round. The one and only Douglas Byng has reproduced two of his latest and most amusing songs, *Boadicea* and *Mrs. Lot* (Decca F5752), which it is unnecessary (and perhaps inadvisable) to describe more closely. Then, if you like (I do) those slow fox-trots in which the rhythm leans as far as it can in one direction without quite falling over, and then back again, you will surely like Roy Fox's playing of *Cotton* (Decca F5704). Lastly, of the Bing Crosby recordings from his latest film success, "Two for To-night," the best seemed to me *Without a Word of Warning* (Br. 02083).

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
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When the Gosses talk about a man being "well dressed" they mean no more than "appropriately dressed." We do not think there are many readers of this journal who are immodest enough to want to be inappropriately dressed.

This leads us to the subject of materials and workmanship, and here we would ask whether there can be more than one answer to the question: "Poor workmanship on poor materials or good workmanship on good materials?" It *is* one or the other, for we would not insult your intelligence by suggesting that you should pay for poor workmanship on good materials or vice versa.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 298

Set by Norman Collins

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best complete ghost story in under 200 words. Competitors might bear in mind that microscopic classic in which a nervous old lady going to bed in a haunted house locks the door, bars the window, and extinguishes the light, only to hear a small voice behind her saying: "Now we're locked in for the night."

Report by Norman Collins

This was (as God will bear me witness) a popular competition. Among the competitors I found not merely most of the habitual—chronic is perhaps the right word—entrants, but also many new and unfamiliar handwritings. And what a spook-haunted, night-bedevilled crew the writers were! A few of them insisted on sending in chestnuts. There were, however, a very considerable number of ghosts which, to me at least, were new. We have, for example, the admirable moment in Thomas Donnelly's tale of the man who threw himself against a door which obstinately persisted in opening itself after it had been closed, only to hear a low, hoarse voice at his elbow remark, "I say, who are we keeping out?" There is the sinister fairy-story of the man who marries a mysterious bride, and on their wedding night remarks that he must get up and put out the light: "'Lie still, my love,' exclaimed the woman, 'let me do it.' Then she stretched out a lovely arm, and it lengthened slowly across the hut and snuffed out the light." And there is E. J. B.'s grim nightmare (scarcely a ghost-story) of the vivisectionist who finds himself gagged and strapped on a bed with the words, "This ought to be very interesting once we get him open" ringing in his ears, and sees "coming towards him a large cat; in its paws it held a scalpel." F. M. James (any relation I wonder to the Master?) tells the remarkably brilliant story of a man in a railway carriage travelling opposite a stranger who is buried deep in a paper and filling the compartment with "aggressive puffs" of cigar smoke.

"This is a wretched night," I said.

A thick voice croaked incoherently behind the paper. The fog crept through the cracks and I shivered.

"The train is very late," I tried again.

Another croak. Then silence and more puffs of smoke.

"I am afraid I shall miss my connection."

Suddenly the thick voice seemed to speak close by my ear.

"Will you? That is a pity. Would you like to have my paper?"

"Oh! Th-thank you."

Slowly the paper moved towards my outstretched hand and slowly folded and I sat transfixed and mad as I saw above the legs nothing but puffing clouds of smoke.

Digby Willoughby has achieved two sentences which would be widely quoted if Ambrose Bierce had written them.

I beheld the Unutterable. My distracted gaze had rested on the delicate dew-covered turf of the roadside, but now I saw advancing over it the soft imprints of *feet;* footsteps revealed only by the way the sunlight fell.

And I. A. Ireland has the entirely admirable climax:

"How eerie!" said the girl, advancing cautiously. "—And what a heavy door!" She touched it as she spoke and it suddenly swung to with a click.

"Good Lord!" said the man, "I don't believe there's a handle inside. Why, you've locked us both in!"

"Not both of us. Only one of us," said the girl, and before his eyes she passed straight through the door, and vanished.

M. W. K. has achieved the brilliant sentence, "The key turned, and the door swung inwards, and as we were stepping through the light went up and we saw ourselves coming to meet us," and Mary Davies must be regarded as the runner-up in the competition, with her little masterpiece about an annoying, mysterious tapping heard in a lonely house at night. In a moment of bravado the still unafraid listener pretends that it is Morse, and calls out, "'Excuse me, would you mind sending the message a little more slowly? My husband can't take it at that speed.' Then (we are told) there was a sudden pause, and the tapping began again, very slowly." But on the whole, the First Prize must be given to *Lovers' Meeting* by "Phoenix," and the Second Prize to *Justice* by "The Gibsons."

FIRST PRIZE

LOVERS' MEETING

Although it was many years since she had last hurried down the shadowed lane, she remembered every twist. Soon she would come to that patch which was either a morass in which you floundered, or frozen ruts which broke your ankle. But her feet sped on unhindered. Had the lane changed so much, she wondered sadly. But the dark house, blacking out the lower stars, reassured her; that, at least was unchanged, and the man within it, who needed her so desperately, would be unchanged, too.

She passed quickly through the door and up the unlighted stairs. She bent over the bed where he lay asleep. The sorrow in his face pierced her heart, and she slid her hand under his head to press it to

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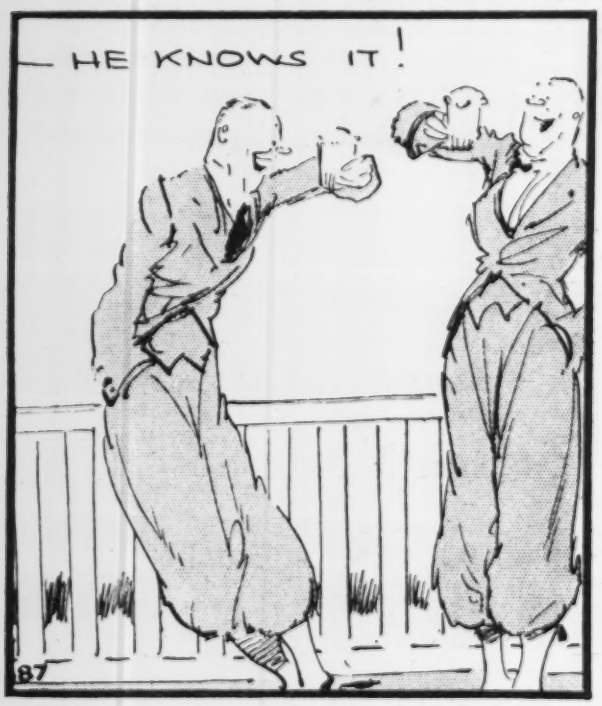

her breast. But he started up with a gasp, and waved her away. She saw his eyes dilate in the darkness.

"You!" he whispered. "You?"

"Yes, me at last."

She put her arm round his shoulders—and felt his sudden shiver as he collapsed and heard his last whisper:

"Go away! Go away, damn you! You're dead!"

PHOENIX

SECOND PRIZE

JUSTICE

The moving clouds let through occasional gleams of moonlight. Abel set out over the moor; its shapeless piles of granite were wreathed in tatters of white mist. The moorland path was the shortest way home. It was narrow and rugged, but Abel knew it well and could even distinguish a few mist-clad landmarks. He would soon be among the granite cairns.

The fitful moonlight made him stumble, and the path seemed to wind more than he remembered. How thick the mist was just here. If he lost the path he might go astray on the open moor—but what would that matter? A robust and sensible man such as he could come to no harm.

The moonlight made these rocks look rather horrible. Perhaps they were not rocks. This could hardly be the right path winding senselessly about like this. What was that awful sound like laughter? Yet what had he to fear if this place were evil—was he not an upright and godly man who held no traffic with evil? If wicked spirits had power over such men as he there would be no justice in it!

"That's true," said a voice behind him, "there isn't."

"THE GIBSONS"

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 155.—THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

(Another amusing composition by Mr. A. G. Stripp)

I was in the Bank a few days before Christmas when the Rector came in and presented a cheque.

"I want thirty-two half-crowns, forty-two florins, forty-three shillings, and forty-six sixpences," he said to the cashier.

"That's a strange assortment, Rector," I said.

"I agree," he replied. "But it's just the exact money which I require for the annual distribution of silver under the terms of the Crankie Bequest. Old Crankie, you know, was Rector here once upon a time, and there's a queer clause in his will which provides for a certain sum of money to be distributed every Christmas, subject to certain conditions, among as many poor parishioners as possible."

"And what are the conditions?"

"Oh, they're most eccentric. Only half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences may be used in the distribution, every recipient must be given a different selection of coins, no recipient may be given more than four coins of the same sort, and every recipient must be given the same total amount. The Churchwardens and I had quite a task working it all out."

"I daresay; it seems rather complicated."

"Well, actually, it's not so bad as it sounds. But the old chap loved a problem, and it leads to some curious results. For instance, in the course of the distribution last year, I found that with a certain selection of coins—thirty pieces of silver, strangely enough—I was able to give the prescribed sum to each of four people. To no two of them did I give the same total number of coins, though to each of them I gave at least one coin of each sort. This year I can use the same selection of coins for the same four people, again giving no two of them the same total number of coins, and again giving each of them at least one coin of each sort; yet only two of the four selections need be the same in both years."

What were the thirty pieces of silver?

PROBLEM 153.—WRONG NUMBER

It is obvious from Mrs. Orme's comments that the required number is one of four digits, and that Ronnie has assumed the number to be *bacd* where in fact it is *abcd*.

Trial and error does the rest—facilitated, no doubt, by acquaintance with the theory of numbers. "Two and a half hours, confound you," writes one solver, who evidently has no such acquaintance.

The numbers are 5760 (24 pairs of factors) and 7560 (32 pairs of factors) and the Ormes' number is 7560.

PROBLEM 152.—THE HOGGENHEIMER LEGACY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. G. Jameson, Gartymore, Park Rise, Leatherhead, Surrey. *Eight* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 151.—LEGGE-PULLAR'S MAJORITY

Four points are awarded.

TO SOLVERS

I have for disposal a limited number of copies of the *Sphinx Problem Book*, published a year ago, at 4*s*. each (published price 6*s*.). This book might make an acceptable Christmas present for solvers or their friends. Applications for copies should be addressed to me.

CALIBAN

Christmas 1842

In "A Christmas Carol," written by Dickens in the Hungry Forties, the portly gentleman says—"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, Sir. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

Christmas 1935

In this year of grace, it is the Church Army which invites your help in making some provision for the poor and homeless, this festive season. £5 will send a Christmas Dinner parcel to ten poor families. 10/- will send to one.

WHAT MAY WE PUT YOU DOWN FOR?

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"If Cancer Research is persisted in, I think we may have no doubt that some day the problem of the cause of Cancer will be solved as the problem of the cause of that other fell disease, tubercle, was solved some years ago."

(The Rt. Hon. Lord Dawson of Penn, Vice-Chairman, British Empire Cancer Campaign, at the Annual General Meeting.)

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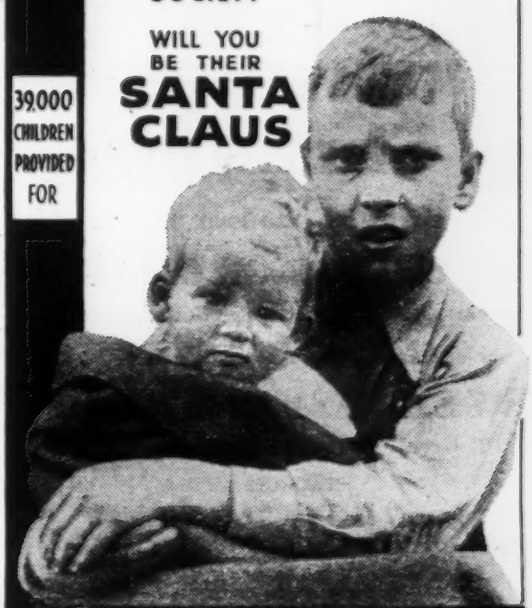

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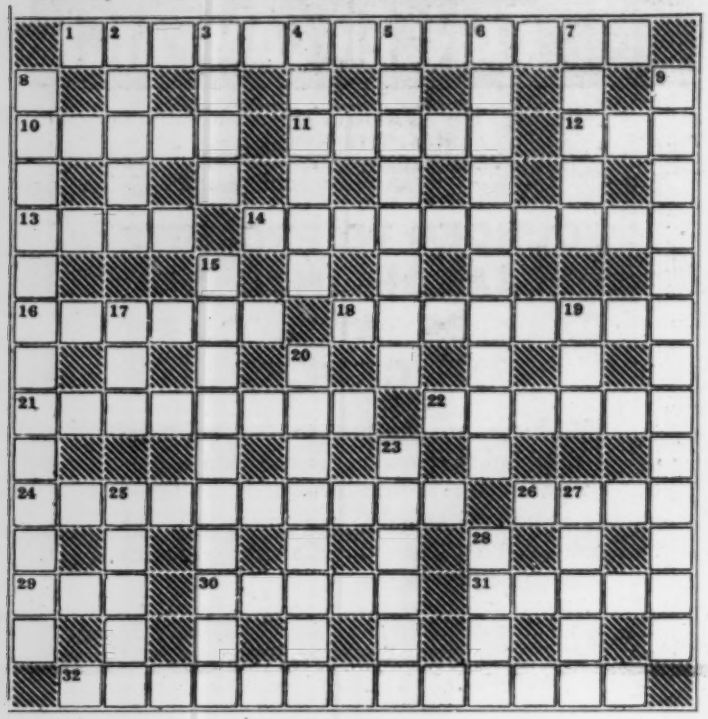
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 301

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Dowager Lady Ashton of Hyde, Vinehall, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

ACROSS

1. Shakespearean tract.
10. Bridget takes it to heart.
11. Macduff's son proposed to live as these do.
12. Autolycus sang that a quart of it was a dish for a king.
13. Bottom's were fair and large.
14. 9's brother recently married.
16. The singer of "Who doth ambition shun" was told to.
18. Musical way for fishermen to work.
21. What even Shakespeare might have been below Loch Awe?
22. Colour of Cleopatra's sails.
24. Foolish escort of 2 disguised ladies in 1.
26. How Caesar would have rendered 23 perhaps.
29. Corin was damned like an ill-roasted one.
30. She said that 4 was the best friend she had.
31. The meaning of Ophelia's end.
32. Apostrophe to "Sweet and twenty."

DOWN

2. "Honest Iago hath ta'en —— for it."
3. Alonso's were invisibly alleged to be pearls.
4. "Romeo, away! be gone!
The citizens are up, and —— slain."
5. Diplomatists' recipes.
6. Deferential.
7. "Spirits . . . from their confines call'd to —— my present fancies."
8. Winter and rough weather are the only foes under it.
9. Royal tennis player.
15. Purity impossible to the Macbeths.
17. "We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays."
19. "Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth and . . . set a new —— upon it."
20. Describes Duke Frederick when he "all their lands restored to them again."
23. "An —— on'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised" was Portia's description of herself.
25. What they did, so to speak, to the teeth of those who "Have but their teeth newly ta'en out."
27. One by one on one, like Lear, "bound upon a wheel of fire."
28. The first man who went to 1.

The solution of last week's Crossword will be found on the opposite page.

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The above is an extract from a letter received from one of the many gentle poor whose distress we have been able to alleviate and we earnestly appeal for help that this work may continue.

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LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	H	A	R	I	T	Y	M	A	T	I	N	E	E	S
U	■	S	■	U	■	R	■	R	■	V	■	I	■	■
T	U	T	E	N	A	G	■	G	O	O	D	E	G	G
C	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	N	■	R	■	N
H	E	A	D	R	E	S	T	■	R	I	N	G	U	P
A	■	■	■	M	■	L	■	C	■	C	■	L	■	O
■	■	W	E	A	R	A	W	A	Y	■	H	A	T	S
F	■	A	■	N	■	V	■	T	■	N	■	D	■	T
E	A	T	S	■	P	I	N	A	F	O	R	E	■	■
A	■	C	■	B	■	A	■	L	■	N	■	■	■	L
S	C	H	O	O	L	■	P	E	R	S	U	A	D	E
I	■	C	■	N	■	E	■	P	■	E	■	D	■	S
B	R	A	I	N	E	D	■	T	E	N	D	O	N	S
L	■	S	■	E	■	D	■	I	■	S	■	R	■	E
E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C	C	L	E	A	N	E	R

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8.30 p.m. Admission 1/-.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

CRISIS IN SILVER—SOME AMERICAN EQUITIES FOR INVESTMENT

CRISIS has moved from Geneva to the London silver market. The American Silver Purchase Act, as I have said before, was a political ramp. President Roosevelt bought the votes of the silver-producing States by undertaking that the monetary stocks of the country should be one-fourth silver. While the American Treasury was forcing up the world price of silver to the ruin of the Chinese export trade and of the Chinese banks this political ramp was hardly a joke. At least, foreigners could not see the funny side of it as Americans did. But the tables are now turned. China having demonetised silver by adopting a managed paper currency, we can all laugh at the discomfiture of the American Treasury—not to mention the panic of the speculators in silver who counted on perpetual American buying. On Tuesday the London silver market had to deal with 5,000,000 ozs. spot and 15,000,000 ozs. forward. No price was fixed because Mr. Morgenthau refused to make a bid. On Wednesday a spot price of 27½*d*. was fixed (against 29½*d*. a week ago) but no forward price. There are stocks of about 9,000,000 ozs. in London and untold millions of ounces could be offered forward by speculators, producers, and the Governments of India, China and Hong Kong. If the price were allowed to fall to its natural level it might return to the point where it stood before President Roosevelt entered into his silver-buying bargain—namely 18*d*. But that would never be tolerated by the Democratic party managers. President Roosevelt needs the votes of the silver Senators more than ever before. What he must do is to peg the American domestic price while he allows the London price to fall during the liquidation of the speculators' stocks. Of course, Great Britain is the villain of the piece—in Democratic eyes. The British Government, it is said, despatched Sir Frederick Leith-Ross to the East to persuade the Chinese Government to devalue the Shanghai dollar and to demonetise silver and, having succeeded in this devilish plan, devalued the Hong Kong dollar and took over all silver stocks for the purpose of dumping them on the American Treasury. This, of course, is a somewhat fanciful interpretation of Eastern monetary events which have followed so logically on the American silver policy, but it is all to the good that the American Treasury should recognise itself as the mug. Eventually, when its export trade has been stimulated by its devalued exchange, China may again become a big buyer of silver, but in the meantime the price of silver must fall until the speculative positions have been liquidated.

* * *

A fuller list of American equity shares is now given for the speculative investor. As the question of priority is as difficult in investment policy as it is in Labour Party policy, the shares are given in alphabetical order. Not one of them should be regarded as safe. Is there any American equity share which can be "put away" and forgotten? Each has to be watched day by day, for even if earnings rise according to expectations the market will probably over-discount them. With the utmost diffidence I give the following:

	Earnings.		Estimated Current Div. Rate per Annum.	Price Dec. 10th, 1935.	Yield on	
	1934.	1935 (est.).			Estimated Earnings.	Est. Current Div. Rate.
Anaconda	0.22	1.50	Nil	28¼	5.31	—
Borg-Warner	3.06	4.10	2.00	62¼	6.59	3.21
Caterpillar Tractor ..	1.94	3.00	3.00	56	5.36	5.36
First Boston	—	7.50	3.00	52½	14.35	5.74
Great Northern ..	Dr. 0.43	2.60	Nil	34½	7.54	—
Phillips Petroleum ..	1.38	3.00	2.00	36¾	8.16	5.44
Western Union ..	2.15	4.50	Nil	70¼	6.41	—
Westinghouse Electric	Dr. 1.03	4.50	2.00	90⅛	4.99	2.22

The following explanatory notes are given in "cabalese" to save space:

ANACONDA. Not only world's largest producer of copper, but smelter and refiner and fabricator of copper products. Not a producer of silver, but smelts about 2,700,000 ozs. About 60 per cent. of its copper derived from low cost mines in Chile and Mexico. Copper consumption in America rising as big utility buyers are just coming into market. Capitalisation highly geared. Earnings in 1935 are estimated at $1.50 per share. Current earnings at rate of $2 per share (not very different from current earnings of International Nickel shares which are quoted at 45¼). In 1929 earnings were $7.36 per share. Free market in London as well as New York.

BORG-WARNER. About 65 per cent. of this company's business is manufacture of automobile parts. The rest is manufacture of household equipment (gas and electric cookers, washing machines, refrigerators, air conditioners, etc.) and of specialty steels used in machinery trades. Unlike so many motor accessory manufacturers, this company is not dependent on one or two large contracts; its customers are spread throughout industry. Its household and other business is a stabilising factor and rapidly expanding. Current earnings over $4 per share. Should eventually better 1929 earnings which were $6.09 per share.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR. Manufacturer of farm implements and road machinery. Financially very strong—liquid assets $20 millions and fixed assets $26 millions. Earnings have steadily risen last two years: now over $3 per share. In 1929 earned $6.86 per share. The company paid extra 50 cents with regular 25 cents in September quarter. Whatever happens to A.A.A. American farmers will be subsidised.

FIRST BOSTON. Finance and bond trading house which acquired goodwill and records of Chase-Harris-Forbes in 1934. Headed or participated in big underwriting syndicates for Government and municipal bond issues and industrial refunding issues. Had cream of business in 1935. Competition now increasing but plenty of business to go round. After refunding operations will come financing. Earnings per share this year estimated at about $7.50 per share.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. Company operates 8,400 miles from Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast. Owns half capital of Chicago, Burlington and Quincey Railroad. Gross revenues derived mainly from freight traffic of which 37 per cent. agricultural products, 34 per cent. manufactures and miscellaneous, 19 per cent. mine products (mainly iron ore) and 10 per cent. lumber. $100 millions of bonds are due July, 1936, and company is issuing $100 millions 5 per cent. convertible bonds (convertible into common half at 40 and half at 75). This issue will save an amount equal to nearly $1 per annum per common share. Recent operating revenues up 60 per cent. above 1934.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM. An independent oil company engaged in all branches of the oil industry. Has large production reserves. Excellently managed, but one man (Phillips) largely responsible. Turnover is rising and earnings expected to exceed $4 per share next year if oil prices are maintained. In 1929 earned $5.19. Extra dividend of 25 cents paid in September with the regular 25 cents. Annual dividend rate assumed to be $2 per share.

WESTERN UNION. Company handles more than four-fifths of land telegraph service in the U.S.A. and supplies through its cable systems communication with all parts of the world. Operates ten transatlantic cables, three of which are owned. Nearly 90 per cent. of gross revenues required to pay operating costs. Very highly geared: hence common share earnings fluctuate wildly. In first six months of 1935 earned $1.82 against $1.32 in first half 1934. In 1929 earned $15.11 per share. A business recovery share—speculative favourite in the market.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC. Manufacturer of all kinds of electrical machinery. Has 24 manufacturing plants in U.S.A. and foreign subsidiaries. Financially very strong. After loss in 1934 earnings per common share in first half of 1935 amounted to $2.37. In 1929 earned $10.15 per share. A well-spread industrial recovery share—investment favourite in the market.

* * *

This list fairly represents the recovering industries—machinery, electrical equipment, metals and oil—with a finance share, a special railroad and a telegraph-cable share thrown in to give balance and distribution. I cannot tell which of these shares will be winners, but to buy safely I strongly recommend an investor, if he has the cash, to spread his stake money equally over the eight, that is, if he fancies the market. It may be noticed that I have not included automobile or utility shares. Until the heavy dealers' stocks of new or used cars are reduced, and until the utility fight has been settled in the Supreme Court, I prefer to watch these groups from the "sidelines." But perhaps I would make an exception in the case of Chrysler.

Company Meeting

BRITISH TYRE & RUBBER COMPANY

POLICY OF REASONED EXPANSION

THE Meeting of the British Tyre and Rubber Company Limited was held on Monday at Winchester House, E.C.

Sir Walrond Sinclair, K.B.E. (the chairman), said that the profit and loss account for the year showed a manufacturing and trading profit of £185,854 which, with miscellaneous receipts, gave a total of £188,926, as compared with £181,641. The earnings included for the first time dividends on their holdings of preferred ordinary and ordinary shares in their main subsidiary, the India Rubber, Gutta Percha and Telegraph Works Co. After allowing for that, the earnings of their own company showed a slight contraction, but having regard to the keen competition experienced, and the inevitable delay in even partial adjustment of selling prices to the considerably higher cost levels of raw materials ruling throughout the year, the directors regarded the comparatively small reduction as quite unimportant. A dividend on the ordinary shares of 3½ per cent. had already been paid, and the board proposed a final dividend of 4½ per cent. and a cash bonus of 1½ per cent., making 9½ per cent. as compared with 8 per cent. a year ago.

As to the position of the India Rubber Gutta Percha and Telegraph Works Co., the board had reason to be satisfied with the developments resulting from acquisition in 1933 of control of that old-established company. In the past year it had earned a profit of £51,186, comparing with £26,053 in the previous year, and a loss of £46,226 the year before. Plans had now been approved for the complete modernisation of the Silvertown factory of that company.

Two new acquisitions had been made during the year—one at home and one abroad. At home they had acquired control of the old-established business of James Lyne Hancock, Ltd., and believed that business would become an integral and profitable part of their organisation. In Denmark they had secured control of a well-established business for the distribution of rubber products which their company manufactured, and that undertaking was already working profitably.

As to the future, the indications so far as the company's New Year was concerned were both favourable and encouraging, and they had every reason to be confident of continued progress.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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You have remembered David, Mary,
Uncle Jim, and Joan and Jack . .
but what of these **BLIND CHILDREN?**

They are trusting you—so fortunate in having eyes to see—to help them overcome their handicap. As children they need dolls and toys to help them "see" by touch, and later on they must be taught to read Braille with their fingers

65,000
of your blind countrymen of all ages
need YOUR HELP this Christmas
Send your present to:—

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

226, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

INTERPRETATION

"One of the aims of our work is the interpretation of countries to each other, the building of bridges on which messengers of peace may go to and fro."

¶ This is what one of our representatives in a Quaker Centre in Europe wrote recently. Could any work be of greater value in the world to-day, torn as it is by rivalries and suspicions, fear and hatred?

¶ In Centres in Berlin, Paris, Geneva, Vienna and London; through contacts with Quaker groups in many other European countries, as well as further afield in the Near and Far East and in parts of Africa, the Society of Friends is seeking to build bridges between different races and classes and political parties.

¶ Through the depreciated value of the £ expenditure has increased to the extent of over £4,000 in 1935; and the financial depression in America has considerably reduced the share borne by American Friends.

¶ All who care for the building up a new international order, founded on a belief in "that of God in every man," are asked to contribute to this work of interpretation.

Contributions should be sent to the

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL
Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1

"WHAT I SPENT I HAD
WHAT I SAVED I LOST
WHAT I GAVE I HAVE"

THERE is happily one Season in the year, when the idea of unmerited suffering, especially that which money can remove or alleviate, is sharply repugnant to us all. Every Society or Institution that administers to the poor knows from long experience that as Christmas draws near a spirit of kindness is abroad. Hence the appeals for help; appeals so wide and for such varied objects, each in its way so admirable and desirable, that never yet has response been denied. So once again they ask, knowing full well that as they ask so it will be given them.

THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

The word "Governess" has an old-world sound, nevertheless, in spite of our armies of teachers and mistresses with their organised superannuation schemes, etc., the family governess is still an essential figure in our social economy. The demand for her is almost as great as ever; but conditions have changed to her disadvantage. The old-time governess remained in one family till her youngest pupil "came out," and often by then her oldest pupil was married and in need of a governess for her own girls. To-day she remains until her pupils are of boarding-school age, and then must seek another post; and presently the time comes when another post is closed to her on account of her age; for to-day it is considered that the instructors of small children should be youthful. So a perfectly competent woman finds herself discarded with but meagre savings. It is then that the friendly consideration, the wide experience, and the ready help of "The Governesses' Benevolent Institution" are so badly needed. Not only does the Institution relieve at once immediate distress; it looks to the future, and its scheme of annuities to augment the narrow dividends from personal savings is one of the most admirable in the history of organised charity. The Institution, moreover, is now an employment agency, freely open to employers and employed, and so is able to keep in touch with the governess from her girlhood onwards, to advise and to help in all difficulties and dilemmas. As the annuities granted are always derived from funded capital, money is urgently needed to provide annuities for those who are on the considerable waiting list. Donations should be sent to the offices of the Institution, 58 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

The National Institute for the Blind, the greatest of the Associations dealing with the relief and education of the blind, in this year of Jubilee have been able to bring to the blind one of the greatest of boons: The Talking Book. Only recently perfected it will presently be at the service of those who cannot see to read. The gramophone which reads aloud has been especially adapted to its purpose. A complete novel can be recorded upon eight or ten double records, and fifty minutes reading matter will occupy one disc. The talking book will augment but will not supersede braille and other typewritten books. But there are those, people blinded late in life for instance, who cannot master braille, and to all such the talking book will come as the most welcome of companions. But the greater the number of alleviations discovered, the greater the need for funds

"THIS GREAT SERVICE
THE LIFE-BOATS"

"I appeal," says the Prince of Wales, to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service—the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

Edward P

The Life-Boat Service costs, each year, one million 5/-. What can you afford as your share?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY. Honorary Treasurer.
LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

to distribute them. The National Institute is asking for more money to extend the whole range of its work, especially the Sunshine Homes for children. Babies brought up in narrow, even if loving, homes are deprived of the healthy exercise of games and happy intercourse with other children, and grow up stunted alike in mind and body. Films showing the work of these homes with commentary by Sir Seymour Hicks are doing much to popularise the work. Meanwhile money is urgently needed. Donations should be sent to the Institute, at 224 Gt. Portland Street, London, W.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL

The Cancer Hospital's appeal for funds is more insistent than that of any general hospital. Not only is it engaged in the cure or relief of those suffering from this most terrible of diseases, it is also engaged continually, both clinically and in its laboratories, in research work, which, pace the recent Report of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, is of such happy augury for a future in which the cause and cure of this dread disease shall have been discovered. Meanwhile the toll of death and suffering, so far from diminishing, steadily increases. 61,572 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales alone. Some employments seem more provocative of cancer than others; but it spares no class or age; young and old are its victims, and men and women at the highest point of their usefulness to their families and the community are daily struck down, with social and economic consequences that are literally incalculable. It is proved that cancer may even now be cured in its incipient stages, but unfortunately the disease is generally too far gone before the victim seeks medical attention; and it is in wards of the Cancer Hospital that the poorer sufferers are given the alleviation that medical or surgical science affords; and where those past hope are cared for till they die. The hospital's need is urgent, and its claim upon us all obvious. Gifts should be sent to the Earl of Granard at The Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS AID ASSOCIATION

The most difficult to reach though often the most deserving of succour are those whose distress is borne in silence, and of whose dire need we should never hear were it not for the appeals of such charitable organisations as the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association, which administers to the need of gentlefolk—professional men and women and others—who have fallen on evil days. The Association is at present supporting 360 pensioners; and every £1,000 given by way of annual subscription would enable 20 more current grants to be made. Most of the pensioners are over 70 years of age, living lonely, secluded, and often friendless lives. The Association distributed in grants and relief last year nearly £12,000, for in addition to the pensions, there are to be met appeals for help towards medical and surgical attendance and other unexpected but imperative calls. Often such grants are treated as loans and repaid, but, for all the anxiety of the recipients not to be a burden, the grant pure and simple is the rule and not the exception. Hence the calls upon the Association are always ahead of income, especially at a time when the interest on investments has been so greatly reduced. Here, indeed, is a charity which deserves to the utmost the support of the more fortunate members of the class to which the Associations beneficiaries belong. Donations should be sent to the Secretary of the Association, 75 Brook Green, London, W.6.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

HAVE IN 92 YEARS PREPARED OVER 33,000 CHILDREN FOR A USEFUL LIFE

Here are two happy girls from one of the Homes

1,100 Poor Boys and Girls are now being trained to be useful Citizens.

Please Send a Donation To-Day

164 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2.

President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

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—not of Parents but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES and neglect, ill-treatment and brutality take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the sufferings of children. 109,471 were helped last year, of whom 4,814 endured actual violence. Will you help the

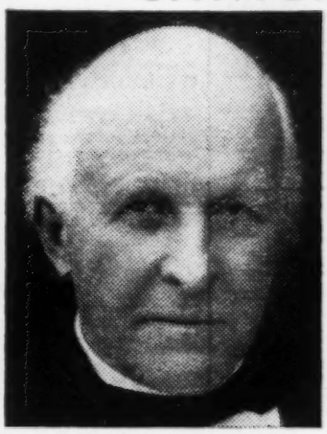
N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT NOW

to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.)

His Grace

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



writes:

"The Cancer Hospital deserves all the help which can be given to it in its ceaseless endeavours to combat this scourge by patient research into its causes and by skilled and sympathetic treatment of those who suffer from it."

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of The Cancer Hospital.

Please send a gift to the Earl of Granard.

The Cancer Hospital

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ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat. & Dec. 26.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

DALY'S. "Tread Softly." Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. W., S. & Dec. 26.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Thurs. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher ! Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Th., & Dec. 26, 27, 28.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PHOENIX. The Limping Man. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. "Short Story." W., Sat. & Dec. 26.

S. JAMES'S. Two Mrs. Carrolls. W., S. & Dec. 26

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues., Fri. & Boxing Day. Distinguished Gathering.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tues. & Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W.S. & 26th.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. W., S. & Dec. 26.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S BEST PLAY. (SECOND YEAR).
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THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

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Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production,
ESPIONAGE.

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Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.
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THE FUNNIEST MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE EVER STAGED.
10s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 6s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 3s., 1s. 6d., incl. Tax.

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HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 220 PERFORMANCES.

DALY'S. Ger. 2157. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
First Performance Christmas Eve at 7.30.
Boxing Day and onward Twice Daily at 2 o'clock & 7.45.
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN.

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EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL.
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

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Extra Holiday Mats. every Wed. commencing Jan. 1st.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Wed., Dec. 18,
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Pop. Prices. Box-office (Hol. 9617) and all Libraries.

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Produced by Vladimir Rosing.
"A VERY BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE SHOW."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.
Closed Dec. 23, 24. Mats., Dec. 26, 27, 28.

MERCURY. Notting Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Every Tues., Wed., Fri. & Sat., 8.30. Fri., Sat. 2.30.
Not Dec. 24, 25, but Twice Daily, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 31,
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By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times.*
Every Thurs. at 9, BALLET. (Sunday for Ballet Club).

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THE LIMPING MAN.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR"
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

QUEEN'S, Ger. 4517-8. 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Closed Dec. 23, 24, 25. Mat., Boxing Day, 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, SYBIL THORNDIKE,
A. E. MATTHEWS in
"SHORT STORY."

ST. JAMES'S. (Whitehall 3903).
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
FRANK VOSPER in (Tem. 1443).
DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
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STRAND. (Tem. Bar. 2660.) Smoking.
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1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

WHITEHALL. (Whitehall 6692.)
8.30. WED., SAT. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. *NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.*
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.
EVGS., 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Dec. 26, 2.30. Tem. 3028.

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ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Awarded the Volpi Cup at Venice, 1935,
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PAULA WESSELY (of "Maskerade" fame) in
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Monday next, Dec. 16th, for Seven Days.
RICHARD TAUBER in
BLOSSOM TIME (U).

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Evenings 8. Saturday, 5 & 8.15.
A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens.
Adapted by Dominic Roche. Preceded by A Tragic Muse, by James Bridie.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Sat., 2.30.
The Wind and the Rain.
By Merton Hodge.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Pickwick. By Charles Dickens. Adapted by Dominic Roche.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Monday at 8, other evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street.
By Rudolf Besier.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

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LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6.
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RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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CHILDREN'S LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTION. The ideal Christmas Present; 17s. 6d. a year, 12s. 6d. for the three school holidays. Books posted to country subscribers. Choice from 3,000 books. Also all new children's books for sale. Expert advice given.
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CHRISTMAS CARDS and CALENDARS OF UNCOMMON DESIGN: Modern Colour Prints; Original Woodcarvings; Children's Books. The Challenge Gallery, 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. (near the British Museum).

FASHIONABLE "SERVEX" JEWELLERY, as purchased by H.R.H. the Duchess of York. Free Illustration. Catalogue shows dainty jewels for every taste, from 1s. 6d. to 5 gns. Exquisitely worked by Limbless Ex-Service Craftsmen and sold direct from their model workshop, at Wholesale prices. Real Cultured Pearl Necklet, 5 gns.; Reproductions, 10s. 6d. Diamante Dress Clip, 3s. 9d. Write for Catalogue, Limbless and Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Demonstrations (Dept. S1), 162 Duke's Road, W.3.

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ACCEPTABLE and *very* original. Electric Overlay dries and warms the bed right through. Write ECONOMIC EQUIPMENT CO., LTD., Bush House, W.C.2.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & CO. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

PERSONAL

BACHELOR (26), desires intelligent male companionship, LONDON district. Box 998, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATIONAL and Remedial Exercises. Specialist in health and growth of children—available private consultation. Twelve years experience progressive schools. Box 981, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MOTORING

FOR SALE, Morris Oxford Six Saloon, a grand specimen of the fine 1930 vintage; wants reboring but otherwise perfect. New battery. £20 or near offer to a good home. Box 991, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 15th at 11 a.m.: DR. MORITZ BONN: "THE HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS AMONGST STATES," 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music.

Tuesday, December 17th at 7 p.m.: MRS. MARY A. HAMILTON: "BRITISH AND AMERICAN BROADCASTING CONTRASTED." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, Dec. 15th, at 4, The Hon. H. PAKINGTON: "LAND SETTLEMENT AND THE UNEMPLOYED." At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, December 15th at 11, MRS. VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "THE DAILY ROUND." 6.30. Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "T. S. ELIOT'S PLAY 'MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL'."

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVISER SCHOOLS, TRAININGS. Specially selected list schools personally visited. No charge to parents or students.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. (Founded 1893.) Co-educational Public School: for boys and girls from 12–19. Separate Junior School (4–12). Scholarships, including some for Arts and Music. Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS are offered each year by the Board of Governors on the results of an examination in General Subjects or Music or Art; in addition, Bursaries are awarded, in accordance with financial need. Examination papers are sent to parents at the end of February. Candidates must be under 14 on February 28th, 1936.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

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As a preliminary to formal application, those who intend to apply are invited to submit a brief statement of their qualifications, which should not be accompanied by testimonials or by names of references. Such letters should be sent not later than January 31, 1936, addressed to THE CHAIRMAN, Teachers' Registration Council, 47 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. Those from whom further particulars are desired will receive in due course a Form of Application with information concerning the duties of the Secretary and directions as to the return of the completed Form. Canvassing will be a disqualification.

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